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A Story of Needles.

BY MADEMOISELLE CAPRICE.

"I'm always very particular about my needles," Mrs. Dr. Spalding was saying to young Mrs. Courteney, who had invited the Ladies' Aid Society to sew in her splendid rooms. "There's all the difference in the world in the makes, as much as in the people who use them."

"There must be," assented young Fortescue, warmly, not in the least interested in the matter, but anxious to prolong his observation of the pretty hostess, whose cheeks, from the waxen hue of the camellia buds and pale white arm lilies behind her, had suddenly acquired the deep rosy dye of the red blossoms on the same flower-stand. To Mrs. Spalding's reiterated inquiry of "What do you use, Mrs. Courteney?" she had quietly produced, though not from her elegant work-basket, the neatest little case of bronze morocco, which she submitted to the lady's inspection, with a deep blush under fire of her husband's mischievous eyes.

"Hemming's or Smith's? Ah! I see, neither. Well, it may be old-fashioned, but I never could sew with any make but Warren's. I was brought up to use them, and I don't think I could take a stitch with anything else."

We use Milward's," said Mr. Courteney, advancing.

"Do we, indeed?" said Mrs. Spalding, astonished, "and how do you know, sir?"

"With a silver blade and a golden handle, have they not, Henriette? And how do I know, Mrs. Spalding? Ought I not to know the weapon at the point of which I surrendered my bachelor existence? Don't stare so, Fortescue, there's a good fellow, and I'll tell you all about it by and by."

So, having paid the little courtesies of a host to every lady guest, and seen his fair wife

seated, the quiet centre of a whirlpool of noise and flutter, and waited until the mysteries of cutting, shaping and planning so absorbed the members that the two only gentlemen were superfluous and forgotten, Mr. Courteney invited his friend into his own private sanctum, where a box of fine cigars and a glowing sea-coal fire awaited them.

"Better than hot-air furnaces and steam-pipes, eh, Jack?"

"Far better, Courteney; and now tell me how it is that I come back from Europe to find you married—you, of all our set, the last of whom I should have expected it?"

"Stop a moment. Tell me first how you like my wife; how does she seem to you?"

"Like a lily among ladies, a pearl among matrons—pale, pure and perfect."

"So she is to me, Heaven bless her! But, would you believe it, I should have lost the lily, and failed to find the pearl of price, but for that little morocco case you were examining, and her tendency to carry needles?"

"Comment?"

"It is true, and I'll tell you how it was, if, with a woman's proviso—you see I've learned their ways—you'll promise never to tell it. Being a man, however, the promise holds; for, though I am proud of the result, I don't exactly want to be known at the clubs, you see, as a Needle Picket, like these ladies here."

"I understand and am dumb. Go on."

"When I was an idle, scampish boy of sixteen, pretending to prepare for college in Mr. ———'s celebrated classical school, but in reality learning nothing but mischief, it chanced one day that my revered preceptor took me aside, and announced that he intended to bestow upon me a great charge, and endow me with a great trust at the approaching holidays, and on my naturally inquiring what such charge and trust might

he, explained, that although very bad in a scholastic and classical point of view, he thought I possessed some kindness of heart and a fine sense of honor, which led him to confide to my guardianship what he dared not entrust to better pupils. Duly proud of the flattering hints contained in this exordium, and ignoring the others, I heard with astonishment that a little orphan girl, a distant connection of the speaker, whose mother had just died at his house, was to be sent under my care to her friends in my native city, and that I alone, of all the students belonging there, was decreed worthy of the charge. However flattered by his good opinion, I was not delighted at the prospect, but managed to express myself with becoming resignation, and took my seat in the cars at the appointed time by the side of a slender delicate child of ten or eleven, dressed in deep black, and with a quiet sorrow in her little face that touched my heart far more than noisy sobs and tears. I tried to make friends with her at starting, and did with devotion such small services as it was in my power to render; but she softly put away my attentions, and seemed best pleased to be left undisturbed in the indulgence of her noiseless grief.

"The cars were close and dusty, the day was breathlessly warm—everybody fretted and complained except my little companion, who sat still and patient as a statue, her long curls drooping beside her sweet pale face, till suddenly her head fell heavily on my shoulder, and I found she had quietly fainted away. Without creating a commotion, I procured a glass of water, and a little wine, and when she recovered, her grateful eyes fixed on my face seemed to thank me for not making a scene, and betraying to those around us the feeling she had tried so hard to conceal. Very soft eyes they were, and very lovely and womanly the little face already, and to a rough school-boy, without mother or sisters, it seemed the incarnation of feminine beauty and helplessness. Accordingly, I did my best to serve and amuse the poor child for the remainder of our brief journey, and she gratefully accepted my efforts, and seemed to take some pleasure in my care and protection, and in doing such little kindly offices for me as lay in her power. Her quick eye detected a rip in my kid glove, and straightway the tiny fairy extracted from her traveling basket a neat morocco needle-case, and busily stitched up the rent, while I looked on in respectful admiration, wondering at the shining armory of weapons in the house-

wife I turned over in my awkward fingers, and little dreaming what an influence they were to wield over my future destiny.

"Such, sir, was my first meeting with my wife. At dusk the next evening I handed her over to the keeping of a brisk elderly gentleman, on the platform of the — street depot, and sheepishly leaving a kiss on the little hand she placed in mine at parting, went home rejoicing, without even thinking to ask for the address of my gentle charge—and, truth to say, soon forgot all about her in the exciting holiday amusements that awaited me and my promotion from roundabouts to dress-coats.

"Several summers after, when you and I, and a dozen others in the senior class, were suspended for kicking that tale-bearing Thompson down stairs, you remember I was sent to rusticate at N——, and continue my studies under the auspices of good old Dr. Brereton, whose neighborhood to the city and somewhat lax rule, enabled me to indulge occasionally in the sports of youth."

"While I was kept in a moral treadmill by old Goodwin; confound him!"

"Such is life, my friend. 'Who here below receives his just deserts?' Well, if my reputation had preceded me, so too had my father's, and my late exploits at college and unhallowed career there, were more than counterbalanced by the governor's thousands; so of course I was well received among the society there, and had plenty of invitations out."

"For shame, Fred!"

"I am ashamed of the givers, for a more graceless puppy did not live than I, without sister or mother, or any home or kindly influence, fresh from the revels and restraints of college, and quite unfit, I am very sure, to be the companion and associate of ladies. But the dear angels did not know it, or pretended they did not, which answered the same purpose; so I danced and flirted in public, and dined and drank in private; for, so near a watering-place, of course there were great opportunities to do both, and not a few of the gentlemen and many of the ladies who spent the summer there, were old acquaintances of mine.

"My friend Miss Rosa Clive, then a dashing young beauty of seventeen, (she is seven years older now, and does n't look a day, having no mind to wear upon her face,) arrived very early in the season, with her papa and mamma, and took rooms directly opposite mine, where she used to kiss her hand to me from the muslin-

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veiled windows every morning, and promenade till I joined her on the broad piazzas every evening. She was as fresh as a rose and as lovely, blonde, and pink, and pretty, but frivolous, empty, vain. Still, as she showed a sort of superficial preference for me, it became my duty to flirt with her, and I *did*, till the whole town knew it, the gossips at the rival hotels vociferously discussed it, and even the mild old Doctor felt obliged to remonstrate with me on my inattention to my studies, and general disregard of proprieties. He also laid upon me some stringent commands as to study hours, which I felt bound to obey; and thereafter Miss Rosa was left to her own devices from ten till four, while I remained shut up in my own apartment with a book and a cigar, and the blinds carefully darkened to the proper degree for study or reflection, of which however very little was done. It was easier to watch the passers by—the incomings and outgoings of my friend Miss Rosa, over the way, who amused herself in the gayest manner with other people during my hours of imprisonment; to smoke, to read, to sleep, to idle time away in any possible manner, rather than use it for its legitimate purposes of improvement.

"In a day or two I began to find another source of amusement and interest. The window beyond Miss Clive's, which was directly opposite mine, was tenanted by a female figure, which, with tastes and habits apparently quite different from hers, was always seated in the shadow, busily sewing, with bending head and busy fingers. I grew quite interested in my silent neighbor, and waited uneasily every morning till she had begun her task, before I settled to mine. There was a sense of companionship in the sight of her graceful form, as it bent over her work, she and I the only dwellers indoors. Sometimes, while everything else was out in the gay, bright sunshine, we only held aloof from pleasure, and remained in our isolated cells. I learned at last, by stray lights and moments when her figure stood in relief against the shadowy background, that my neighbor was slender and young, with a fair, clear profile, a long, dark eyelash, seldom lifted, a small, shapely head, with an abundance of glossy, chestnut hair, gathered under a brown silk net, in a long shining roll, that reached to the nape of her white neck. She had little busy hands, in which I sometimes saw the glancing steel of the needle, as she urged it through the cloth, or the flashing silver of her tiny thimble, that caught the rays of the sun as it plied its

trade, and as I watched her, I used to think of the Venus, Akestria of Allingham, and repeat:—

'Oh, Mary Anne, you pretty girl,
Intent on silken labor,
Of seamstresses the pink and pearl,
Excuse a peeping neighbor.'

and very probably might have sent her a copy of the verses, like an impertinent collegian as I was, but for her mourning dress and the quiet, almost sombre look, which was a charm against all such rudenesses, from me at least.

"One evening, as I came up the avenue after my customary walk, I stepped upon a little bundle, which proved to be a tiny morocco case, neatly tied with brown ribbons, and stored with glittering needles, assorted skeins of silk, and little pins, with a place for a thimble to fit in, exquisitely small; and the legend "Henriette," and "Remember your mother's counsels," written in a fair, fine hand, inside a small memorandum book. The thing was the merest trifle as to value, being also a little worn and faded, and I did not then realize what an attachment women feel for such things, so put it in my pocket, and made no attempt by advertising or otherwise to find the owner, further than among my immediate acquaintance, none of whom possessed anything like it, or to the best of my belief, sewed at all, being the idlest butterflies of fashion. So it became in a measure mine, and I was never weary of counting the shining rows of silvery shafts, setting and resetting the pins, and thrusting my finger into the depths of the little cavity meant to hold the thimble, while I mused after the fashion of 'the House that Jack Built,' how small must be the thimble that entered here; how pretty the little finger that wore the thimble; how fair the owner of the pretty hand that had the slender finger, &c., to distraction, till after several days of contemplation of the needles and their votary at the window, I put the thing into my pocket, and went to a picnic with Miss Rosa Clive, by way of a change of scene.

"She looked dazzlingly pretty, and I was very attentive, and we strayed about the seashore, or sat upon the grass together in great harmony, till the dancing began, and it was my dire misfortune to plant one unlucky foot on her trailing flounces, and loosen I don't know how many yards of those frail ornaments from their parent stem, the main skirt. The poor girl reproached me bitterly, and I was profuse of apologies, of course; but that did not mend the matter, till I luckily bethought

me of the needle-case and its treasures in my possession.

"Come away with me, Miss Rosa," I proposed with a feeble attempt at gayety, "and we'll mend your dress. Of course, you know how to sew, and I have plenty of needles in my pocket."

"She stared in astonishment, but deigned to accept the invitation, and summoned a tall, slender girl in black, whom I had not before observed, and who followed us slowly away from the crowd to a retired grassy seat, where the belle threw herself down, a beautiful vision of pink muslin flowers and white satin shoulders, fluttering ribbons and blonde bandeaux, and a brilliant contrast to the pale, nun-like girl who stood beside her, and whom she carelessly introduced.

"My cousin Henriette, Mr. Courteney. And now let us see what you can do for my dress."

"The young lady bowed without speaking, as I glanced at her. She was very young indeed, scarcely more than a child in years, and her face was both childish and womanly, very innocent and gentle, very thoughtful and sweet. She was dressed as plainly almost as a novice, and her only ornament was her silken chestnut hair, which fell in soft curls on each side of her fair temples, and except for the drooping lashes and finely arched eyebrows, formed the only contrast in her pale, oval face, which, however delicate in outline and lovely in expression, looked lifeless and colorless beside her brilliant blooming cousin. She was one of those sweet household spirits—those angels in disguise—those blessings unrecognized, which we meet with and pass by in gross ignorance, to waste our hearts and lives in offering homage upon altars less pure, and before shrines less fair, till we wake from the delusion too late, to find the gentle angel grieved and gone. So I passed by my guardian genius then, and never knew her such for many years.

"He says he has needles, Etta, and knows how to mend my dress, which is fortunate, for I am sure I don't, and I thought perhaps you could help us."

"I privily drew from my store a long needle and a skein of crimson silk, which Miss Rosa having slowly threaded, began to wield with an unskilful hand, but soon stopped in despair.

"I declare, I don't know how to mend it; you do it, please, Henriette."

"Her cousin sat down beside her and examined the implements.

"The silk is not the right color, and the needle should be small."

"Again I privately selected from my stock, and offered her another, which she took rather doubtfully.

"This is hardly large enough. If I might examine—"

"Reluctantly, I handed over the treasured needle-case with its contents, and the dignified Miss Henriette, with a childish exclamation of joy, which showed her not quite mature yet, in spite of her womanly stature, received it into her little hands, and then and there caressed it and cried over it, and talked to and welcomed it with a fervor of delight that made her face positively beautiful, with a beauty far exceeding that of her blooming cousin. But the sweet vision shone not long upon my admiring eyes. At the first token I gave of sympathy and congratulation, she fell from her raptures at once, and calmly thanked me for restoring it to her, and for the care with which I had preserved it. Her cheeks again became colorless, and her manner cold. As she spoke, she resumed the task she had abandoned, and her look and attitude in sewing, the little stitching fingers in motion, convinced me that I had found my Venus Akestria.

"On these grounds, I immediately resolved to set up a flirtation; but never was presumption more thoroughly discouraged; and although I met her many times afterwards with the Clives, our acquaintance made little progress, and I never again had a glimpse of her real nature as on that first day. She was evidently cognizant not only of my previous attentions to her cousin, but also of my character and reputation, and treated me with a gentle coldness, a delicate, distant reserve, that intangibly marked a line of separation between us, whose limits I could never pass. Something soft and sorrowful in her regards when her eyes met mine, made me vaguely dissatisfied and ill at ease, as if a pitying angel had detected the secrets of my soul, and turned away to wonder and to weep. She herself was a 'petite dévoté,' a girlish saint, unconscious and unknown. Short as had been their stay, she had already her class of little orphan children, whom she taught, and clothed, and fed, her daily religious duties performed with loving care, her charitable labors for the poor. These facts I learned from the pettish Rosa, who was vexed to find one of her own admirers so much interested in her quiet cousin, and dwelt at length on the details she expected would horrify one as gay and pleasure-seeking as herself. Something

in the narrative touched me differently however. The thought of the delicate, gentle girl, busied in acts of piety and mercy; the sweet character that blossomed in isolated purity among these thoughtless fashionables, interested and attracted me. I began to wish to know more of her—to conquer a place in her regard.

“But looks and words and sighs gained me nothing; the artillery of flirtation was in vain used against the simple dignity of truth and candor. I received in answer only those soft, wistful, pitying glances, and responses hurried and shy, with a manner so gentle but so resolute, that it completely baffled me. I read her the *Venus Akestria*, and she disappeared from the window. I waylaid her coming from church, and she took another road. I offered a trifling contribution towards her works of charity, and she referred me to a venerable clergyman through whom such donations were made. I attempted to sentimentalize over the restored needle-book, with its thrifty contents and its guardian motto, and she grew rigid as steel. Only when she went away, a little softened in mood, by parting from many she had learned to love, she was less cold to me, and a certain rare color in her ivory cheeks, a dewy lustre in those soft brown eyes, accompanied her farewell to me as to others. For a week or two I remembered her very sadly, and studied very hard, with some idea of penitence and expiation, and made all manner of good resolutions for the future, with a vague reference to that sweet face. In the next few months it had grown vague indeed. I was recalled to town, and all the pleasures and pursuits of my former life, and my idea connected with study, self-sacrifice, goodness, piety and love, had faded and disappeared.

“Two or three years later I was in Europe, preparing to travel among those desperate Swiss mountains we all feel obliged to ascend, when I came upon a party of old friends in the office of a French diligence—Miss Rosa Clive, her orphan cousin, and her widowed papa, in the height of an exciting discussion about places, which Mr. Clive, who knew no language but his own, fancied he had secured some time before; while the French official, politely but firmly insisted that they were already taken by some one else. The intervention of the ladies was quite useless, and I offered my services to my angry countryman, and finally brought him through triumphantly; but wrath or fatigue occasioned a violent fit of illness before we reached our next stopping place, and in his helplessness, I became established as

the companion and protector of the party. It was not an unpleasant thing to be the escort of the two beautiful American girls who attracted such admiration everywhere, and I soon became reconciled to my new position, and fulfilled its duties with a good grace. Rosa was delighted with a cicerone who submitted to her caprices more readily than ‘papa,’ and her quiet cousin abated a little of her gentle reserve, in our new association, so we visited picture galleries and palazzos, rowed on lakes and steamed up rivers, strolled through streets and sat on ruins, in great harmony and comfort, till the mountain ascents and my troubles began.

“I had prevailed on the ladies to store away at different places on the route, subject to their order on returning, the McFlimseyish pile of baggage with which they left Paris, and by dint of unceasing argument and example, had reduced them to the modest wardrobe contained in three trunks, and myself to a small knapsack, which held a few necessities of the toilet, some books and papers. With this scanty outfit I visited the St. Bernard, and explored about among the minor Alps with tolerable comfort, in my one suit of clothes, a rather elegant imitation of the substantial English travelling costume, made by a celebrated Parisian artist, who warranted them to last till I had done the ‘grand tour’ and come back to him for more. The smiling tradesman certainly never supposed that in my implicit reliance on his word, I should abandon all other civilized garments and cling only unto these, prolonging my tour weeks beyond the hasty excursions of the Parisian dandies, and requiring of the luckless articles the hard service of Alpine travel, and scrambling about among the ruins of Pompeii, and the fumes of Vesuvius.

“Through France and Germany they did very well; in Switzerland they began to fail; in Italy they were shabby. The seams were strained, the threads were cracked, the edges were frayed, the colors were faded, the salient angles were worn thin, and Rosa loudly declared that I looked like a loafer, and that it was a necessary result of the abominable sumptuary laws I had enforced against all baggage, a judgment upon me for denying myself the proper appanage and panoply of a travelling gentleman, and leaving behind as too much trouble to transport, the cumbrous arks containing it. Her gentle cousin, to whose eyes I had begun to turn for confirmation of every act and word, refrained from expressing

in them reproof or ridicule, but cast a reconnoitering glance over the suit, and discovering as yet no absolute fracture, comforted me with the hope that it might last (with care) till I was able to replace it.

"Forgetful of this condition, I was rambling about the lovely hills, with my fair companions; that very afternoon, proud of my agility and strength as I helped them up and down the steep ascents, and quite unmindful of the tender seams of my coat; when suddenly resenting an unwonted strain, the treacherous garment gave way in a dozen places at once, and I descended from seedy respectability to ragged poverty, directly.

"Rather crest-fallen, I walked back to the hotel, not much comforted by the pity and sympathy of the ladies, and returning them to their rightful protector, sought Teresa, 'the maid of the inn,' who listened to my tale with perfect nonchalance. A French chambermaid would have comprehended the case at once, and accepting the job with alacrity, gayly tripped off to a restorer of old clothes, or earned the bribe herself with her deft fingers; but the tall Teresa shook her stately head, with its coronal of black braids, fastened by silver pins, suspiciously like poniards,—in slow bewilderment, when I proposed the same to her, and crossed her bare arms upon her purple bodice, like a tragedy queen, when I tendered the tattered garment to her care.

"But a judicious expenditure of the small coin of the realm, and of flattery, to neither of which agents Teresa was wholly proof, persuaded her at least to retain the garment in her own hands, as a step towards restoration; and confident that no female fingers able to hold a needle, could witness its need without applying one, I wrapped myself in my travelling cloak, and went out to search among the shops.

"The town was a small, out-of-the-way place, where no English tourist ever thought of buying anything, and the supply was for a native market. There were brigand-looking cloaks, hose and doublets quite Shakespearian, gayly-braided jackets with slashed and corded sleeves, a few French-made coats, in the fashion of the last century, but nothing in which a respectable traveller, sensitive to ridicule, could appear with any degree of credit. Weary of the fruitless search, and of masquerading in a dozen different articles, in which I appeared by times a stage bandit, a Jacques, a Romeo, a peasant and a prince, or a livery servant, I returned to the vast ruined

pile belonging to some defunct noble, that did duty for an inn, and applied for news of the garment, now doubly valuable.

"Teresa was in a state of tranquil satisfaction; a person had been found who engaged to mend the coat, and restore it to the gentleman before he was ready to resume his journey in the morning, repaired and renewed. I made some attempt to find if this person was worthy of the great trust confided, but Teresa was mysterious, and voluble, and I learned nothing but that she had so ably managed the transaction as to deserve double the offered reward which I accordingly paid. Much relieved, I sought my party, but Mr. Clive had gone to bed. Rosa was listening to the musical voice of a travelling acquaintance, an Italian count, in the salon, and Henriette, who after all was the person I most desired to see, the person who made a little corner of this gaudy caravanserai home, was invisible. I lighted a cigar, and went out into the orange garden, a damp, secluded place, where nobody ever walked but 'these droll English,' amid whose odorous gloom I paced up and down like a sentinel before a row of arched deep windows, belonging to the mouldy suite of apartments inhabited by the two cousins, one of which, wide open and curtainless, showed a pretty tableau that might have delighted any lover of the beautiful, but had a peculiar significance for me.

"A high Roman lamp stood on the little mosaic table, and by its light Henriette was clearly visible, working with downcast eyes and delighted fingers on my unfortunate coat; her sweet face intent, and her thoughts apparently concentrated on the task I had assigned to the faithless Teresa. The pretty implements of her craft lay beside her, the shining scissors, the silk-lined basket, the neat little needle-case that I once had in my possession, and she herself sitting in the charmed circle of lamplight in the centre of that vast, magnificent room, her fair head bent, her swift fingers flying, busy and happy with her homely task, was a sweeter picture than all the crowded galleries could boast, a vision of gentle domestic loveliness, framed by the comfortable grandeur of the arched ceilings and the carved and gilded walls.

"I can't express to you how much I saw in that little scene—not only the dear girl herself, her goodness and her beauty, and the grateful news of her care for me, but a vision of home and peace, of happiness and calm, which to my idle, roving life, my total isolation from all kindly domestic ties, came like a revelation.

With one exception, I had seen women in their inferior and superficial aspect only as the ornamental part of the gay outer world of society; those of my acquaintance to whose intimacy I was admitted, were the veriest automata of fashion—vain, selfish, idle, beautiful and useless, beings to be flattered, flirted with, admired in the ball-room pageant, the public promenade; to be forgotten when the show was over. The idea of endless companionship with such was absurd, and quite unable to see why I should elect to be burdened and bored while the power of choice was left me, I had sought only the society of my own sex, its pleasures and its dissipations, and never even dreamed of marrying and introducing to domestic life one of these brilliant creatures, more than of turning to practical account the dazzling hues and graceful arches of the rainbow, that we admire—at a distance—in the sky.

"In this picture and the lovely girl that composed it, I found a new possibility, I received a new revelation, that upset my incredulity and scattered my preconceived opinions like chaff. Here was *one* nature, innocent pure and good—here was one soul unstained, 'unspeckled from the world,' *one* life devoted to works of piety, charity and kindness, one heart full of tenderness, truth and love for all human-kind; could it hold love and tenderness for me? On this problem I pondered all night long, and received the repaired coat from the hands of the false Teresa in the morning, with as sacred reverence as if it had been the holy garment of Saint Peter himself. I have it to this day, and none but myself and one other person, necessarily in the secret, knows why that faded and ragged habit, which ought to have descended to the old-clothes-man long ago, is folded respectfully away, in the inner sanctuary of my wardrobe, and is to be handled more choicely and delicately than the newer articles of satin and broadcloth, beside it. As soon as I could replace it, I did so, not for its shabby appearance, for I positively hated to give it up, endeared to me as it was by that secret recollection; but I wanted to keep those careful little silken stitches intact, and while I wore it, was never without the thought of its benefactress and mine. Day after day she was near me, and the feelings I could no longer conceal began to be expressed in my manner, and reflected—I almost fancied—in hers. Her eyes grew softer and darker, and sheltered beneath their long lashes, failed to meet mine; her cheeks were colored with a rare rosy tint, that brightened

as I spoke; her hand trembled when it touched my own; and one day, when opportunity favored, I retained it in my clasp, and told her how blest the gift of it would make my life.

"To my surprise and dismay she refused me, with soft, tearful eyes and agitated voice, but still decidedly and firmly. In my bewilderment and trouble, I pressed to know the reason.

" 'You are very rich,' she faltered.

" 'Is that a crime?' I vehemently asked.

" 'You have been brought up very differently from me; we should not be happy together—we are not alike.'

" 'Henriette, you do not know me!' I exclaimed, 'you have seen me but a little while; you have not thought about me.'

" 'I have known you longer than you have known me,' she declared, with the simplest candor. 'I have thought of you more. I am your friend, I will be now and always. But I cannot share the life you lead. Can you ask me to do it?'

"She looked up earnestly, wistfully, searchingly, with her beautiful eyes into mine. Self-condemned, I turned away, I could not bear to meet their look of sad inquiry; how dared I, indeed, ask this pure life to mingle with mine, wasted in idleness, sunk in folly, stained by dissipation? Silently convicted, I offered her my hand in mute farewell, but she clung to it and wept, tears that might have washed all my sins away.

" 'I must do right,' she said, 'whatever comes; I must obey my mother. When she died, she gave me this to remind me of all she taught me.' She held up before my half-blinded eyes her constant companion, the little needle-book, with the warning motto inside and I begged of her, who refused me what I valued most in life, to give me the most precious treasure she had.

"Whether I hoped her resolution would be weaker, with that constant reminder away; whether I thought the little talisman would work a miraculous change in me, or longed for it only as a souvenir of what she had done for me, and of her pure and gentle presence, I hardly knew; so rapid and bewildering had been the changes of thought and feeling in those few agitated moments; but I pleaded and obtained, and kissing the little hand that gave it, bore it away.

"Three weeks later I crossed the Atlantic, and descending like a thunderbolt on the slumberous soil of my neglected plantations, began to inaugurate a new era in their history and my own. Spurred by a restless fever of

improvement and change, I dug and drained, reaped and sowed, planned and planted, with unwearying industry and increasing interest. I grew brown and sunburned, stout and robust, but I also grew healthy, vigorous and strong in mind and body, and forgot the idle excitements and wasting dissipations of my former life, in the healthier and purer pleasures of this. I was not happy, but I was strangely content in trying to do right; and it was pleasant to be beloved by my servants, respected by my wiser friends, approved by my conscience. Through all the busy day there was no time for memory and for pain, all was cheerful activity and occupation; but in the quiet silent evenings, when the lamps burned brightly, when the grate glowed red, when the silver bells of the clock on the mantel rang a musical chime that echoed sadly through the empty rooms, then I was tempted indeed. 'Better wine and cards,' I thought, 'better wild excitement and deep dissipation, than this ceaseless, bitter pining, and this solitary retrospection!' Nothing but her memory saved me from going back to the oblivion of this life, and through those weary hours the struggle was very hard. I used to try to read, and throw down the book in impatient sorrow, remembering how we passed some cheerless wintry days in Florence with reading aloud and talking over what we read; how exquisite was her appreciation of the author, how true her thoughtful comments, and how, looking up from my book, I used to meet the sympathetic brown eyes, and read in them a sweeter story than in the printed page. A thousand memories haunted me, thoughts that pierced more keenly than the needles in my souvenir, regrets sharper than its pins. At those times I used to take it out of its hiding-place and lay it on the table, waiting for an imaginary task, and try to recall the picture so often renewed in memory, of the little industrious fairy on the cars, the Venus Akestria at N——, the vision that lighted up the old Italian palace, and did a secret good to me. Apart, each of these remembrances had been to me all that is lovely and good in womanhood; together, they formed my ideal of womanly perfection, and my only vision of happiness and home. Never had I loved her so dearly, even while in her gentle presence, as living in those memories I learned to do. If she had been a white witch, and the needle-book the binding charm she bestowed, its spell could not have wrought more potently, or its influence more compelled me than these remembrances, into the new and

difficult path I hoped but hardly dared to believe, might lead at last to her.

"A year ago, I saw her name in the morning paper, among the list of arrivals at the House; and ten minutes after, my fast Sir Archy was on his way to town. I did not send up my card from the hotel parlor, but wrapped in paper the little needle-case and demanded an answer. My heart beat against my breast like waves against a rock, while I sat waiting; the minutes seemed endless, the time interminable; at last the door opened and she came in. She was blushing, she was smiling, she was crying all at once, and holding the precious recovered treasure in her hand. What I said I cannot tell, and I shall never know what she replied. It was like a dream to me when she came and laid her hands in mine, and told me what I had never hoped to hear, like a dream still, sometimes, that her presence now daily blesses and brightens the home so long dedicated to only memories and hopes of her, and where she has been my guardian spirit indeed, is now an angel entertained, I trust, not wholly un-awares.

"A very pretty romance to come of needles," said Fortescue, drawing a long breath. "What a pity all ladies don't sew!"

The Yearly Re-union.

BY L. H. T.

Circling round the longest race
That our earthly feet may trace,
Through the winter's night of gloom,
Through the spring's sweet wealth of bloom,
Greet we now the festive chime
Of our pleasant meeting time.

Many happy years be ours,
Crowned like this with August flowers,
When our paths that widely roam
Gather in the dear old home,
And a father's welcome free,
Light the glad festivity.

When the latest of our band,
Worn with years, and toil, and strife,
Meets upon the Heavenly strand
All the fulness of his life,
There, oh there, with gladness free
Let our last re-union be.

MOSSGIEL, PA.

Good manners—true—though wrought with finest skill,
Are but the outward garment of good will.

The Schoolmaster's Essays.

THE DUST IN LIFE'S HIGHWAY.

It has been a long, warm day. The sun appeared a crimson circle at his setting. I have been taking a long walk since four o'clock. I am not a "Country Parson" but a country schoolmaster; having for my charge some fifty pupils great and small in this quiet, sunny, shady, white and green little village of H—, in Michigan. My week's work is finished, and I have two days of rest and recreation in prospect before Monday shall bring its routine of pedagogical duties.

In one of his essays, Mr. Boyd remarks the impracticability of concentrating thought upon a given subject when the physical occupation is changed—giving for an instance the change from the quiet of the study to a long walk to visit a distant parishioner.

I have often noticed the truth of his remarks, and the fact that any marked change in the bodily position or employment seems to necessitate a change of the mental. So this afternoon, when I left my school-room, I let my thoughts go free; but they did not fly away and soar into the heavens among the clouds and sunbeams of science or of song—no, they settled right down into the dust of life's highway. And now, in this lazy twilight, I sit down to tell you a little of how I mused; but first perhaps you would like to know what suggested this train of thought. It was the spectacle of a young man, arrived, I should judge, at the mature age of three years, proceeding through and raising all he conveniently could of the dust of the road; which occupation seemed to afford him the most intense satisfaction. To-morrow the probability is, from the appearances of the sky, he will be engaged in the equally laudable and interesting enterprise of building mud-dams in the ditch by that same road-side. "And such is life."

There is a flower we are told which is found but once on all the earth, and that upon a high and rock-bound coast of ocean. There it flourishes and fades away; but in all the ages it has blown, not a wind of heaven, nor bird, nor wave of the sea, has cast its seed upon another soil where it might thrive. Thus while other plants are spreading over earth, mountain nor ocean having power to stay them in their course—that, in all its original, glorified beauty, stands alone where first it basked

in the rich sunlight and bathed in the still rains of God.

It would be vain to look for a parallel amongst mankind. The chain of resemblance between the human and vegetable kingdoms here wants a link. All nations have representatives throughout all the regions of the globe. Blown by every wind and tossed by every wave of circumstance far aside from the way he meant to walk, and the path he would have trod, man is chosen from the lowly to sit among the proud, to wave the sceptre of power, and to grave his name in characters of burning glory upon fame's immortal tablets, while another, by mad ambition driven when he has almost gained the summit of his desires, and finds himself defeated, turns in his desperation and casts his name upon the cycles of the centuries linked in ignominy with those of Judas, Arnold and all the list of traitors whose names darken the pages of the history of the world.

Man, in the pride of his strength, glories in the dominion he possesses over the lesser works of God; yet, more than all or any of these, is he the creature of impulse and circumstance. Why, as we pass onward in the journey of life, do we find the way macadamized with bones—with the skeletons of hopes, which, having led their worshippers in a panting race—unheeding by calm streams and silvery fountains, through meadows and groves of beauty, unnoticed the rich golden harvest fields and substantial fruits in yellowing orchards all around—turned like Dead Sea apples on the lips to dust and ashes in the grasp?

I have read somewhere of an arrangement of nature's works, beautifully illustrating the lives of many men. A hill crowned with a beautiful grove, which as the traveller gazes upon it in the morning looking towards the east, as the sun mounts above the horizon and casts his beams of glorious light through leaves and boughs, presents the appearance of a sheet of burnished silver. As he proceeds upon his journey, reaches the woods at noon, passes them, and at evening looks again upon the object of his morning's admiration, he sees the most dazzling splendor again reflected to his eastern view. Thus man may look forward to life's noontide as the goal and perfection of his desires and hopes of fame; but when it is reached the glory is all dust and ashes; as the woods at noon presented to the traveller but the common scene of gnarled and twisted limbs and roughened, ragged bark and blackened stumps, scattered here and there with rotten logs. But when the hour has passed for gain-

ing the world's applause and honor, he may be strong enough to rise with the mourner in "Lockely Hall" to longings for a higher, holier life, and say—

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward
let us range,
Let the great world spin forever down the ringing
grooves of change.
Oh, I see the crescent promise of my spirit has not
set,
Ancient founts of inspiration well through all my
fancy yet.

Oh, that mankind would not fly along the
path of life with blistered, bleeding feet,

"Where many feet have flown and bled before,"

pursuing the Ignis Fatuus of Fame, the Fata Morgana of wealth, and the mirage of worldly, artificial pleasure. Oh, that they would leave the dusty, blackened *highway*, and pass under the green trees, loaded with yellow, ripened fruit, and through the arbors covered with vines of God's own planting, and pluck the purple clusters hanging in glory on every hand, and wander through the green pastures, by the still rivers, towards the kingdom of God, "and all these things should be added unto them."

It is a strange, a wondrous sight, to see a young life going down—to see a gorgeous sun eclipsed forever in the full noontide of its day of splendor. Mysterious that some bright, happy beings, beautiful in face and form, should sink into a decline, and, when to our short sight 'twould seem they were just ready with floating grace to enter life's most flowery gardens, yield in all their readiness to that grim Conqueror, across the threshold of whose palace doors they never shall return until the angel shall proclaim that Time shall be no more. It seems a bitter thing to follow one we love to the repose which cannot be disturbed; but the pain of the last sad rites is measured by the degree of peace in which he closed his eyes upon the world. If in the quiet, white, spotless robe of faith, he wrapped himself for the long sleep, it seems less hard to say "good by" than if, filled with all passions, goaded by remorse, stung by the last pangs of vain ambition, panting for revenge, and burning with fierce hate in all his veins, with gnashing teeth, and with his bony fingers clutching at wild phantoms of the crazed brain, with execrations welling and bursting from his foaming lips, and howling curses and blasphemy with maddened strength to lash his life out amid all commotion of his stricken soul. Then oh, that he had left the dusty highway

for the peaceful wayside pleasures, that he might have approached his end

"Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Did you ever follow to the grave a friend in a quiet country place, where such an occurrence had not the business air it has in cities? As the train moved on "in the smoky light of harvest time," to the rural spot chosen for his loved remains to rest, and while you watched them lower the coffin into its narrow house, thoughts of your own death and burial may have passed over your spirit. You wondered where your ashes would be cast, and who would follow you to your long home; and then the thought—"When I am dead—shall I be missed?" comes with a power and significance ever before unfelt. What a sense of failure would fill the heart when it could feel "When I return to dust, there will be none to mourn; though *gone*, I shall not be missed, and when the turf is green above me, I shall be forgotten."

From such bitter thoughts you strengthen up in the belief that yours will be no such dying moments, and as the forms of friendship crowd before you, you feel that with our noblest American poet you would have your grave in some green field beneath the pleasant sky, and you may respond to the sentiment of his beautiful lines—

I know, I know, I should not see
The season's glorious show,
Nor would its brightness shine for me,
Nor its wild music flow;
But if around my place of sleep
The friends I love should come to weep
They might not haste to go;
Soft airs, and song, and light, and bloom
Should keep them lingering by my tomb.
These to their softened hearts should bear
The thought of what has been,
And speak of one who cannot share
The gladness of the scene;
Whose part in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills,
Is—that his grave is green;
And deeply would their hearts rejoice
To hear again his living voice. A. L. W.

EVERYTHING within us and about us shows that it never was intended that man should be idle. Our own health and comfort, and the welfare and happiness of those around us, all require that man should labor. Mind, body, soul, all alike suffer and rust out by idleness; the idler is a source of mental and moral offence to everybody around. He is a nuisance in the world, and needs abatement for the public good, like any other source of pestilence.

What Came Afterwards.

A Sequel to "NOTHING BUT MONEY."

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER XXV.

A little after ten o'clock, on the next day, Adam Guy, Jr., entered the office of Justin Larobe. The lawyer was engaged, and he had to wait nearly half an hour before he could obtain an interview. He was sitting in an ante-room, where a student was writing, when a person came through, whom he recognized as Glastonbury, a well known counsellor at law. He had been all this time in conference with Mr. Larobe. It was now his turn. A look, searching and suspicious, met him as he went in.

"Ah, Mr. Guy." The lawyer arose and received him formally, and with an air of deference. What struck him was the great change in Mr. Larobe, who did not look, to him, like the same man he had known ten years ago, and, occasionally, met during the lapse of that period. Particularly did he note the absence of a certain steadiness of the eyes, which had once given him an advantage over timid people, and those not entirely self-confident. Now they fell away from his gaze, if he looked at him intently, but came back again, the moment his eyes were withdrawn, in a suspicious, searching scrutiny, that was detected over and over again. There was in his face a worn and exhausted air, and a pinching of the features, as if he had suffered from bodily pain. The long nose and wide nostrils were sharp and thin—his hair turning gray rapidly—his form beginning to stoop.

The men touched, rather than clasped, hands. Mr. Guy took the chair that was offered. Both were ill at ease. Guy was half doubting the policy of this interview which he had sought; and Larobe was trembling in suspense for the words that should reveal what was in the mind of his visitor.

"Mr. Larobe," said Guy, forcing himself to speak—"I have called for the purpose of talking with you on the subject of certain extraordinary rumors that are afloat in regard to my father. You have heard them, no doubt."

A deadly paleness, in spite of his effort to be composed, overspread the lawyer's face.

"What is the purport of these rumors?"

Mr. Larobe managed to keep the tremor that ran through his spirit, out of his voice.

"It is said that he is alive and now in this city."

"Do you believe it?" asked the lawyer.

"Of course not."

The face of Mr. Larobe was no longer of a deadly paleness. He leaned in a more confidential way, towards Guy.

"What else is said?"

"More than I can repeat. Chiefly, and of first concern to us, that a person, said to be my father, is in the hands of designing and interested individuals—one of them my sister's husband—who asserts that they are in possession of all that is required to prove the claimed identity. Of course, you are to be convicted of crime and punished, and I am to be robbed of so much of my father's estate as came fairly into my hands by his will. A precious plot, truly!"

"In the hands of your sister's husband! And pray who is he?"

"A fellow named Ewbank. I never saw him until last night. If I had heard the name, it was forgotten."

"Ewbank!" Larobe looked confounded. "Not Ewbank the teacher?"

"Teacher or preacher, it is more than I can say."

"And is he your sister's husband?" Larobe's look of surprise remained.

"Yes. But, what do you know of him?"

To this interrogation, the lawyer made no reply, but sat with looks cast down.

"Who is in league with Mr. Ewbank?" he asked, at length.

"Doctor Hofland."

"Who else?"

"I am not informed."

There was silence again.

"This Ewbank, then, is your sister's husband," said Larobe, after musing for some time.

"Yes. So I learn."

"Which sister?"

"Lydia."

"Lydia. I thought she married a low, worthless fellow."

"So she did. But he died, I believe; and this shrewd rascal picked her up, in order, no doubt, to make her a stepping-stone to fortune through the imposture now attempted."

Larobe did not answer. He looked stunned. Guy was troubled at his manner.

"Were you advised of this plot before?" he asked.

"In part."

"Did you know that Doctor Hofland had mixed himself up with it?"

"I have inferred as much. But, have you information, Mr. Guy, as to where the man now is who claims to be your father?"

"He is living with my sister."

"In the family of Mr. Ewbank!"

"Yes. So I understood Doctor Hofland."

"How long has he been there?"

"For several months."

"It can't be possible!" There was more than surprise in the countenance of Mr. Larobe. Even Guy was startled by its expression. The gleam of his eyes—the curve of his lips—the quiver that ran through all the facial muscles—gave signs of evil passion; of malice, hate, and cruelty. For an instant, he looked the wolf at bay.

"Where does your sister live?" asked Larobe, as he dropped a veil of apparent indifference over his face.

"I am not informed."

"Have you seen the man?"

"No."

"It is a most extraordinary case!" said the lawyer. "And this long waiting, and working in secret, shows that we have skilled plotters against us."

"The chain of evidence is complete, according to Doctor Hofland."

"He said that to you?"

"Yes. That all the testimony was ready, and that I was about being informed of every thing."

"When did he say this?"

"Last night."

"To you?"

"Yes. I called to ask the meaning of some things that came to my ears yesterday, and he then made the astounding communication about my father."

"Who were implicated?"

"You, and my step-mother. He says, that neither the man I saw at the Institution on Staten Island, nor the lunatic who was killed in falling from the window, and whose body now lies in our family vault, was my father. He was very positive, and talked like one who believed all he said."

"You don't know where your sister lives?" Larobe had not replied to the last sentences of Guy. From a state of abstraction into which he fell, he looked up, asking this question in a tone of interest, that a little puzzled his companion.

"No," was answered.

They sat silent again.

"What can be done?" asked Guy, breaking the pause.

"Nothing, until a move is made."

The office door opened quietly, and a sheriff's deputy came in. Larobe looked up with a slightly annoyed expression—

"I'll be at leisure in a few moments, Garland. Wait in the front office."

But the deputy sheriff, instead of retiring on this invitation, said—

"Let me speak with you, Mr. Larobe."

There was something in the officer's tone, that caused Guy to look at him curiously, and made Larobe's face a little paler. Rising, the lawyer crossed the room and stood near the officer, who said a few words in his ear.

"For me!" exclaimed Larobe, his face becoming white.

The officer handed him a paper. He did not read the legal form, for he understood too well its import. He was under arrest. For years, a haunting terror had dogged his steps. For years, he had lived in dread of this hour. For years, his steps had been close upon the edge of a dark abyss, and in all that time had dwelt with him a painful sense of danger. Now, his feet had slipped, and there was no arm to save him! He must go down to swift destruction. No wonder that his face grew white as ashes; nor that his knees trembled and gave way.

"What is it?" said Guy, advancing. He had observed the blank fear in Larobe's countenance. The lawyer, aware of the presence in which he stood—of the keen eyes that would read every look and movement, made a feeble effort at self-composure. But, the old strength of will was gone. He was unable to command the hitherto obedient muscles—to look indifference while terror palsied his heart. There was an almost helpless waving of the hand towards Mr. Guy, as if to keep him off. But, Guy pressed close upon him, grasping his arm, and crying out, sternly—

"Is it all, then, true! Villain! speak!" He shook Larobe with violence, in his excitement.

All this was too much for the guilty man. He staggered back, and would have fallen, had not the sheriff's officer supported him to a chair.

"Leave me for a few moments, Garland. I wish to have a word or two alone with this gentleman," said Larobe, in a weak, exhausted way.

But the officer did not move.

"Don't be afraid. I shall make no effort to escape. Just a minute or two, Garland. I have something very particular that I must say

to him alone." The pale, shivering prisoner plead with the officer.

"I'll be surety for him," said Guy. "Give me a few minutes alone."

A little while the officer hesitated, and then went slowly into the next room, leaving the door partly open. As soon as they were alone, Mr. Larobe, striving anew to compose himself, said to Guy—

"What if this man should be your father?"

Guy did not answer. The question was unexpected.

"I do not say that he is your father. I only ask, what if he is? This arrest is for the purpose of giving importance to the claim about to be set up for an unknown person, who assumes to be Adam Guy, Sr. Now, suppose the claim, right or wrong, affirmed by legal decision; how will you stand? I merely put the question."

"That is my affair, not yours," answered Guy, with considerable impatience.

"Very well. I have no more to say." The lawyer's voice was choked and husky. Rising, he called to the officer, who immediately came in.

"I am ready, Garland. Thank you for waiting." And the prisoner went out with the deputy sheriff. He was scarcely past the threshold, ere Guy repented of his stupidity in not accepting from Larobe the communication he had, evidently, intended to make. He even called after him. But the opportunity was gone.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Not in vain had Mr. Ewbank, through all the months of Mr. Guy's childish state, wrought with him for good—not in vain had Mrs. Ewbank ministered to him in patience, in gentleness, and in love. Too deeply had the impressions they sought to make, imbedded themselves in his consciousness. A sudden and entire restoration of the past, might have obliterated much; but, old things came back so gradually, that opportunity was given to blend with them new and better states of life.

The old hardness—the old love of money—the old intense selfishness, manifested themselves at times—but, love for his daughter, born of her love and care for him, and a regard for, and confidence in Mr. Ewbank, upon which no suspicion could intrude, were softening and countervailing elements with Mr. Guy. Light had come into his mind, showing him a different relation of things. He saw higher truths than had ever before presented themselves; saw

beauty in goodness, and a charm in self-denial. Limited, for a period of time, to the society of his daughter, her husband, and Doctor and Mrs. Hoffland, he became familiar with traits in human character never seen before. In the old life, he did not believe that such a thing as unselfishness existed. It was a dream of the preacher and the enthusiast. But, in the new life, it was a conviction that no reasoning could disturb.

Everything in regard to his family that could be learned, from the period of his removal to the hospital until the present time, was communicated to Mr. Guy. By many things that were related, he was touched deeply; and many things aroused his fiery indignation. Always, Mr. Ewbank endeavored to draw from his anger the spirit of retaliation; to lift him above revenge into a regard for what was just and humane. Towards his son Adam, on learning how heartlessly he had separated himself from his brothers and sisters, and how basely and unnaturally he had acted towards Lydia, when informed of her presence in the city under circumstances of extreme destitution, his feelings were very bitter. No argument, no excuse, no representation, could soften him towards Adam.

"He is unworthy the name of son or brother! Don't speak of him!"

In sentences like these, varied with harsher words, he answered all the attempts made by Lydia and her husband to draw, in his mind, a veil over Adam's heartless conduct; and they finally ceased all reference to a subject, that only made him sterner and less forgiving.

Late in the afternoon of the day on which Larobe had been arrested, Doctor Hoffland received a note from him, asking an interview on matters of importance at eight o'clock in the evening. The place named was the lawyer's office. He had given bond for his appearance at court, and was at liberty. At the hour mentioned, Doctor Hoffland called, as desired. He found Mr. Larobe alone. His appearance shocked him. Never had he seen, in any face, a more exhausted, worn, and hopeless expression. But, his eyes were steady as he looked at him—steady, with some desperate purpose.

"Excuse me, Doctor, for having put you to the trouble of coming to my office," he said, calmly. "I would have called on you, but here we shall be free from chance interruptions; and I have that to say which needs to be calmly considered. And, first of all, Doctor, will you receive from me any communica-

tion I may think best to make, and hold it sacred to the extent I desire. I can trust your honor. Your pledge given, I know it will bind."

The Doctor, after a few moments' reflection, answered—

"Is any good to arise from this communication?"

"That will depend, mainly, on your judgment in regard to it. If what I have to propose meets your approval, good will arise—if not to me, at least to others. If it does not meet your approval, I stipulate for an honorable silence touching all that I may communicate. On no other terms will I utter a sentence of what is in my mind. You are, no doubt, aware that I was, to-day, placed under arrest."

"I am aware of it."

"And you know something of the cause?"

"Yes."

"It is of this that I desire to talk with you. Are you prepared to hear me, in the strictest confidence? To hold my communication as sacred as if made at the confessional? I have no purpose of deception or hindrance. What I shall say will not embarrass you in the smallest degree. Your present relation to the case will remain undisturbed, if you decide not to act in the line of policy I wish to present for your consideration."

"I will hear you," said the Doctor, after a silence of over a minute.

"In honorable confidence?"

"Certainly."

They were sitting at opposite sides of a table, and Larobe was leaning, in nervous expectation, towards Doctor Hoffman. At the answer he drew back, with stronger signs of relief than he meant to have betrayed.

"Of course," he said, after a pause for collected thought, "I have not been in ignorance of the movement for some time planned against me; nor of the nature of the evidence that will be adduced to convict me of crime. I know just how much it is all worth, and how to meet and dispose of it; and I feel sure of being able to thwart all the plans laid for my ruin. Still, I shrink from the infamous notoriety which must come when the case opens. Of late years, my health has not been good. I am losing in both nervous and mental stamina and do not feel equal to the strain that must come. Therefore, I am looking for some door of escape; and will abandon much that I hold dear for the privilege of a quiet exit. You understand me?"

The Doctor bowed.

"Shall I go on?"

"Yes."

"Of course, I cannot obtain the privilege asked, except by yielding all this suit is designed to secure."

"Say, in the fewest and directest sentences, just what you wish to communicate, Mr. Larobe." Doctor Hoffman drew himself up, and spoke with firmness. "I have passed my word of honor to betray your confidence in nothing."

"In a sentence, then, Mr. Guy is living." Larobe's face crimsoned slightly; and then became paler than before.

"I am aware of that," replied the Doctor, unmoved.

"But the evidence in possession of his friends is not, in all respects, complete, and may be so obscured by the testimony of witnesses on the other side, as to make the issue doubtful. I shall fight in this contest hard, and without scruple as to the means employed to gain success, for, with me everything is at stake. A desperate man, Doctor, will use desperate means. But, all doubt as to the issue may cease if you will. I am ready, if permitted, to retire from the field. It is to say this, that I have asked an interview."

"What are your stipulations?"

"The abandonment of this suit, on condition that I place in your hands such evidence as will, at once, restore Mr. Guy to his proper legal status."

"It is not with me, Mr. Larobe, to say yes or nay to such a proposal," replied Doctor Hoffman.

"I am aware of that. But, being in possession of my offer, you may ascertain without committing me the chances of its acceptance. It will be better, all round, I think. The issue of the suit will go no farther, at the worst, than the establishment of Mr. Guy's identity. I shall escape legal consequences. The loophole is open."

"What then?" asked the Doctor.

"Within twenty-four hours after I am satisfied that the suit is to be abandoned, and my surety safe, I shall retire from this city."

"Whither?"

A shadow of pain swept over his face.

"I shall drop down, like a wind-blown seed, in some unknown spot," he answered, in a sad voice. "But whether the soil be rich or barren, my roots will not strike deep; for there is no vitality in me. I have played madly, in life, Doctor, risking honor, happiness, safety,

everything—and He shivered as

"Something must be required," said

"What?"

"You will have or thirty thousand the estate of Mr.

There was a look of Larobe.

"That demand he answered. "sum to Mr. Guy's would not cover it

"The executor Larobe, find evidence and this evidence

(Of one thing, you abate one jot or t

"Then, driven left for me, but o

of Larobe were i

His lips drew back savage and defiant

"And certain sir! You may

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desperate battle, a more disastrous w

advice, and let yo

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there is evidence n

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tion."

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at with his eyes

furrowed his brow.

"What is the ex

Mr. Guy?" he as

had regained its c

"He has yield

judgment," replie

"Do you think

judgment in the m

"It is impossib

"What do you

"He may be in

"What will be

"That is not d

Larobe had not

ing—and I have lost! O, fool! fool!"
 ered as he said this, like one a-cold.

Nothing more than you have offered will
 fired," said the Doctor.

at?"
 will have to restore some twenty-five
 ty thousand dollars appropriated from
 ate of Mr. Guy."

ere was a look of blank dismay in the face
 obe.

at demand will be cruel and oppressive,"
 ured. "I am not debtor in any such
 Mr. Guy's estate. All that I am worth,

not cover it."

he executors under the will of Mrs.
 e, find evidence going to prove the claim:
 his evidence is in Mr. Guy's possession.
 e thing, you may be sure, he will never
 one jot or tittle of the demand."

hen, driven to the wall, there is nothing
 or me, but desperate battle." The eyes
 robe were fierce with a sudden gleam.
 lips drew back from his teeth. He looked
 ge and defiant.

And certain defeat," was replied. "Ah.

You may well affirm that you have played
 ly in life, as all play, who seek, through
 ing, a coveted good; for in all wrong lies
 the seeds of a just retribution, which,
 er or later, surely comes. If you give
 perate battle, according to your threat, the
 re disastrous will be your defeat. Take my
 vice, and let your offer include full restitu-
 in every particular. As I have just said,
 re is evidence now in Mr. Guy's hands, going
 show that you have between twenty-five and
 rty thousand dollars of his estate in your
 session. He is not the one to yield a farth-
 of his just rights; and of all other living
 en, you have the least title to his considera-
 on."

For the space of nearly five minutes, Larobe
 at with his eyes on the floor. Heavy lines
 ured his brow—his face was rigid.

"What is the extent of your influence with
 Mr. Guy?" he asked, at length. His voice
 ad regained its calmness.

"He has yielded in many things to my
 judgment," replied the Doctor.

"Do you think he will act according to your
 judgment in the matter I have presented?"

"It is impossible for me to say, Mr. Larobe."

"What do you think?"

"He may be influenced."

"What will be your course?"

"That is not decided."

Larobe had not expected this answer, as the

half surprised, half alarmed expression of his
 face showed.

"What I have offered, will secure all that
 can be gained through the courts, after long
 delays—for, I will fight him to the last."

"Possibly you may be right in this—possibly
 wrong. I will give sober consideration to what
 you have said, and then, after sounding Mr.
 Guy and his friends, see you again.

"When will you see me? I want no delays."

"Say to-morrow night."

"Very well. To-morrow night. Will you
 call upon me at my office?"

"Yes."

The Doctor arose, and withdrew. Larobe
 did not accompany him to the door. He was
 too much oppressed for courtesy. When alone,
 he bent forward on the table at which he was
 sitting, with an abandoned air, letting his
 chest and face rest heavily down upon it. A
 groan parted his lips. He did not stir for a
 long time. Then he arose, heavily, like one
 who had been stunned, and moved about the
 office with an uncertain air. Finally, he took
 from an iron safe a bundle of papers—title
 deeds, certificates of stock, and various secu-
 rities—and, spreading them out on the table,
 passed several hours in examining and arrang-
 ing them. In this work he was active and in
 earnest. It was nearly twelve o'clock when
 he replaced them in his fire proof, and throw-
 ing himself on a lounge, passed the remaining
 part of the night in a heavy sleep.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The two interviews held by Adam Guy, Jr.,
 with Doctor Holland and Mr. Larobe, left his
 mind in a state of doubt, anxiety and alarm.
 To him, the re-appearance of his father would
 be regarded as a calamity. No natural affec-
 tion, no love of justice, no righteous indigna-
 tion towards the alleged perpetrators of a
 dreadful crime, had power over his basely
 sordid spirit. "How will it affect me?" Be-
 yond that, he had no concern—asked no ques-
 tion. It was not his interest to have his father
 alive; and, therefore, he assumed the nega-
 tive, instead of examining all affirmative evi-
 dence; and, because he wished his father dead,
 tried to accumulate arguments against the
 possibility of his being alive.

He could not help being profoundly dis-
 turbed. The fact that his father—or, as he
 had it, the person claiming to be his father—
 was with his sister Lydia, towards whom he
 had acted with such cold-hearted indifference,
 was particularly distasteful to him. On the

presumption that this claim was valid, the fact suggested many unpleasant consequences. The meeting with Mr. Ewbank had left impressions and reflections by no means agreeable. He saw in him a man of superior mind and quality—one, so far as his sister was concerned, fully competent to maintain her rights in the impending contest.

Two or three days were spent by Adam Guy, Jr., in perplexed debate touching his own action in this strange complication. Then, with something of blind desperation, he resolved to call at his sister's and see for himself the man who claimed to be his father. The time chosen was evening. In reply to a note written to Doctor Hoffman, he got the location of his sister's house. It was late—past nine o'clock—when he stood at the door of a moderate sized dwelling in the western part of the city. In answer to his inquiry for Mrs. Ewbank, he was informed that she was not at home.

"Can I see Mr. Ewbank?" he then asked.

"He is out also," replied the servant.

Partly turning, he stood for a little while; then said, like one who had constrained himself to speak—

"Is Mr. Guy at home?"

"No, sir. They all went away together."

"Went where?"

"To Mr. Larobe's, I think I heard Mr. Ewbank say—down by the Monument."

"When did they go?"

"This morning; and the children went with them."

Adam Guy, Jr., turned away without a word more. He was confounded. What could this mean? Affairs were rapidly assuming most unwelcome shapes. All the family gone to the residence of his late step-mother!

He had returned to the central portion of the city before reaching a decision on the course to be pursued. Still undetermined, he yet walked in the direction of the Monument, and at last found himself in front of the house where, for the time, all his thoughts centred. Acting more from impulse than from any clear judgment of the case in hand, he ascended to the door and rang the bell. He had not even decided the question as to who should be inquired for; and this decision had to be made in the face of an expectant servant.

"Is Mr. Larobe at home?" He knew that he was not there, when he asked the question. But this would give him time.

"No, sir. Mr. Larobe does not live here now." The answer dashed him a little.

"Mr. Larobe's children are still here?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Guy turned away partly, and stood with an irresolute air for some moments.

"Is Mr.—Mr.—Ewbank—" He hesitated and faltered in his speech, leaving his sentence imperfect.

"Yes, sir. Mr. Ewbank is here," promptly answered the servant.

"Can I see him?"

"Walk in, sir." And the servant moved back. Mr. Guy entered and stood in the hall. The parlor doors were open, and a strong light from the chandelier poured through them. The sound of voices was on the air.

"I would like to see Mr. Ewbank here." And the yet undecided visitor, shrank back from the glare of gaslight towards the dim vestibule. In the few moments that elapsed from the time the servant left him until Mr. Ewbank appeared, Mr. Guy sought in vain to bring his thoughts into order, and to determine some line of action. Mr. Ewbank did not recognize him.

"Mr. Guy," said Adam, introducing himself.

"Oh!" Mr. Ewbank's ejaculation was in a surprised tone. He made no other response, but stood in a waiting attitude, for Mr. Guy to speak his wishes. But, what had he to say? All his thoughts were still in confusion. Half stammering, he uttered the sentence—

"I called at your house this evening, and they told me you were here."

"Yes, sir."

"I would like to have a few words with you."

"On what subject?"

"About this person who assumes to be my father."

"Ah! He is here, Mr. Guy. Perhaps you had better see him for yourself," said Mr. Ewbank.

"Just what I desire. It was with this end in view that I called at your house."

"Walk in." And Mr. Ewbank moved back, followed by Mr. Guy, who, never in all his life before, had experienced such strange, confused, and oppressed feelings. Ere he had recovered himself, he was ushered into the parlor, where he found nearly a dozen persons, old and young, assembled. On one of the sofas lay a pale-faced boy, whose large bright eyes turned wonderingly on him as he entered. Sitting in a large chair with purple linings and cushions, close by the sick boy, and with one hand on his forehead, was a man, against

whom leaned a half vacant, hazy wonder and delight, he was transfixed, leaning slightly on his brows. All doubt was raised up. He stood still, all for an instant suspended.

"At last," said Adam! "At last, Adam!" There followed then came forward a few feet of his father, straining eyes.

"My father!" coldly—not with of wild, gushing much feeling that his voice. "My covering his face

"Adam!" The little; and he man chair. Lydia was and her lips were

"Forgive him!" heard her words—the past, father—and bless God's love about us now. I happy hour, dear

"Adam!" Mr. It was grasped a while. Both father moved. Adam was With returning embarrassment.

tained towards all language with becoming aware of his conscious selfish their effect. He not debased in the of the sister he had and basely insulted to his father—"P son!"—and said it showed her influence

At the earliest took Doctor Hoffman "What of Larobe" "He has confessed Doctor.

"I am amazed! father imprisoned" "Yes. We have

leaned a singular looking girl, whose rascant, half intelligent face, expressed r and delight. The moment he entered, he was transfixed by the eyes of this man, who slightly forward, with contracting eyes. All doubt left the mind of Adam Guy. He knew this man. As if the dead had raised up, his father was before him. Good still, all power of speech and motion instant suspended.

"At last," said his father, speaking sternly. "At last, Adam!"

They followed a breathless silence. Adam came forward, slowly, pausing within a foot of his father, and looking at him with burning eyes.

"My father!" dropped from his lips—not with constraint—but with a kind wild, gushing surprise, mingled with so feeling that every heart felt the throb in his voice. "My father!" he repeated. Then turning his face he stood trembling.

"Adam!" The old man's voice softened a little; and he made an effort to rise from his seat. Lydia was by his side in a moment, her lips were at his ear.

"Forgive him!" she whispered—and Adam repeated her words—"He is your son. Forgive the past, father—the dark and dreadful past—bless God's love for the sunshine that lies before us now. Don't let anger shadow this happy hour, dear father!"

"Adam!" Mr. Guy reached forth his hand. He was grasped and held tightly for a little while. Both father and son were strongly moved. Adam was first to recover himself. On returning composure, came a measure of embarrassment. The position he had maintained towards all his family—his conduct and language with reference to his father since becoming aware of his presence in the city—his conscious selfishness and cupidity—all had their effect. He felt humbled, unworthy, if debased in the presence of his father, and the sister he had despised, cruelly neglected and basely insulted. The sister who now said to him, "Forgive him! He is your father!"—and said it with a manifest power that showed her influence.

At the earliest opportunity, Adam Guy, Jr., took Doctor Hoffman aside, and asked—

"What of Larobe?"

"He has confessed everything," replied the doctor.

"I am amazed! Confessed that he kept my father imprisoned for ten years!"

"Yes. We have the painful narrative in his

hand writing, and sworn to, thus every impediment to the restitution of your father's legal rights is removed."

"But, such a confession must consign him to a criminal's cell. I wonder that he made it."

"He has fled from the city."

"And betrayed his surety," said Guy. "So, dishonor is the twin of crime."

"Your father will abandon the prosecution."

"Was this agreed to?"

"It was, no doubt, understood. Barred away from the city of his nativity—stripped of fortune—broken in health and spirits—and bearing with him the undying memory of all he had madly risked and lost—I think his bitterest enemy might willingly abate the prison cell. Let not man follow him with retribution. His punishment, like Cain's, will be greater than he can bear. He is in the hands of the Just and the Merciful, and we may safely leave him there."

"I am not of your spirit, Doctor. I would hunt him to the death," answered Guy. "No retribution is too severe for such an infamous crime. He should never have been permitted to escape."

"Your father thought differently," replied Doctor Hoffman. "As you have evidence tonight, he is under the influence of those who draw him towards forgiveness. Your sister and her husband, Mr. Guy, are not of your hard, stern, unrelenting quality; else, had reconciliation been a more difficult thing than you found it. You owe them much, if you set any value upon this reconciliation. A word of motion, from Lydia or her husband, would have thrown up a wall between you and your father that you might have striven in vain to pass. But, they are above such base and selfish action. Lydia has been learning in a new school, under a new teacher, lessons of humanity and forgiveness, that you and all the members of your family should learn also. Mr. Guy, pardon me; but, it has so happened in the order of Providence, that my relation to your father and some members of his family, has assumed features that make it my duty to use plainness of speech—and I now say to you:—Let there be laid as heavy a mantle as possible over the past; and let the present, as it unfolds itself, be accepted in a new and better spirit than you have ever shown. Against you, Mr. Guy, as the oldest son and brother, all have cause of complaint. You did not act well the part assigned you in the Provi-

dence of God; but drew away from the weak and the helpless and left them to the world's tender mercies. If they are ready to forgive, accept the proffer. Of all your sisters and brothers, Lydia was most cruelly neglected; yet, is she the first to speak for you—the first to step in and turn aside your father's anger."

Mr. Guy was visibly affected. He saw his own image as he had never seen it before—distorted, hideous, in contrast with the beautiful image of his sister. Not answering, Doctor Hoffman resumed—

"As for her husband, I have, during several months, observed him closely, and my testimony to his worth is without abatement. A purer, truer man, I do not know. And he is, also, a man of education and enlarged views. One of superior quality in all respects. Of necessity, taking all the peculiar circumstances of your father's restoration to society, Mr. Ewbank will, hereafter, exercise much influence over him, and I need not add, after what has just been remarked, that this influence will be for good. In everything, it will, I know, for I have talked with him freely, lead towards family re-union on the right basis. Accept him, Mr. Guy, as a true friend—a wise, unselfish friend. Don't assume a hostile attitude; this will hurt only yourself, for he is a strong, clear-seeing man, and brave as strong. In the line of duty, he can be as inflexible as iron. I say all this freely, that you may know just where you stand."

Mr. Ewbank joined them at this moment, and Doctor Hoffman saw, by Guy's subdued and respectful manner, that his counsel would be heeded. He left them together, and was pleased to see them in earnest conversation, for a long time.

"My son," said the father, holding Adam's hand, as the latter was about going away—Lydia stood with an arm drawn in one of her father's, and leaning her face against him tenderly—"My son, there is for us all a better and a truer life, if we will lead it. Your sister and her good husband have helped to open for me the door of this better and truer life, and my feet, I trust, are on the threshold, trying to enter. Will you not enter with me? Touching the past, my son, I have much to complain of you"—Lydia moved uneasily, and looked up into her father's face. He went on—"But I will throw a mantle over the past; and I pray you, Adam, not to remove it. This is now my home, and the home of Lydia and her husband. Let there be no jealousies towards

them, for they will provoke none. Had my will, my impulses, had away, you and I would not now be standing face to face; for my anger was like fire when I learned all that you had been and done. But for them, I would not have forgiven. Under this roof, my son, a new home is to be constructed, in which love and peace are to dwell. We have heard from your sister Frances. She is in the west, and is now returning to make one with us. Edwin has not been here. May I trust you to see him, and take a message from his father?"

"I will do faithfully, all you may desire." Adam's voice trembled.

"Say to him, that I know all that he has recently done; and that I understand the motives from which he acted. Say also, that I have laid it away with the past which I have forgiven, and desire to forget. I wish to see him. You understand me, Adam?"

"I do."

"And the spirit in which I speak?"

"Yes."

Father and son held each other's hands with a tightening clasp for some moments. When Adam turned away and left the room, his eyes were dim with moisture; and wet eyes looked after him.

"May God's peace be on this dwelling," said Doctor Hoffman, taking the hand of his old friend, as Adam retired.

Mr. Guy lost his self-control, and leaning down, laid his face on the head of Lydia, who was still at his side, and sobbed aloud.

On this last scene in our drama of life, the curtain falls. Its foreshadowings of days to come are full of promise—so full, that their blessing will not be counted dear even at the great price through which the purchase came. The fire is never too hot that burns out the dross, leaving only precious gold.

THE END.

Know Thyself.

"Know thyself," is a precept descended from Heaven. Which to weak erring man for his guidance was given,

Yet he heeds not its teaching, but stretches afar,
His vision to scan distant planet and star;
Caves, cataracts, rivers, he rushes to view,
Ransacking for novelties old world and new,
The pyramids mounts and afar sends his eye,
And climbs Chimborazo fresh wonders to spy;
He travels to China to scale its grand wall,
Yet knows not himself, greatest wonder of all.

Kings and

Edward I. crowned at Worcester the time of the he was in the banners of the fame in the di his absence was for his prudent memory of the employ those the quality of the much in the tw

Immediately barons assembled to their absence regency to govern which was almost The majestic ward correspondence martial disposition very different eyes were black vivacity; his eyes naturally. He regular features and manly exertion military skill. superior order; many virtues, sufficient command of prudence, an empty chastity; any of the king's remarkable. But he suffered ambition lead him to come he was considered derived many benefits

Edward began inquiry into the reforming abuses enacted new laws the people; he the standard of his rule of wise and vigorous order and peace possessing the wealth had so beset his consideration gave first to conquer Wales

The Welsh had their own laws, language They were the re

Kings and Queens of England.

EDWARD I.

Edward I., and his queen Eleanor, were crowned at Westminster, August 19, 1274. At the time of the death of his father, Henry III., he was in the holy wars, fighting under the banners of the cross, and acquiring military fame in the distant region of Palestine. But his absence was no obstacle to his succession, for his prudence and valor were fresh in the memory of the English, who hoped he would employ those talents in maintaining the tranquillity of the kingdom, which had suffered so much in the two preceding reigns.

Immediately after the death of Henry the barons assembled with one accord, swore fealty to their absent monarch, and appointed a regency to govern the kingdom until his return, which was almost two years afterwards.

The majestic form and countenance of Edward corresponded with his vigorous mind and martial disposition, and displayed a character very different from that of his father. His eyes were black, and sparkled with uncommon vivacity; his hair was also black, and curled naturally. He had a fine open forehead and regular features. He delighted in all martial and manly exercises, and had great courage and military skill. His intellect was of a very superior order; his character was adorned with many virtues, such as a solid judgment, a perfect command over his passions, consummate prudence, an acute penetration, and an exemplary chastity, for the last of which, few if any of the kings since the conquest had been remarkable. But with so many good qualities he suffered ambition and the love of rule to lead him to commit many acts of injustice, yet he was considered a great king, and England derived many benefits from his administration.

Edward began his reign by making a strict reform into the affairs of his kingdom, and by abolishing abuses. He and his parliament enacted new laws for securing the rights of the people; he took the Magna Charta for the standard of his reign, and established a system of wise and vigorous measures, which gave order and peace to the country. The desire of possessing the whole island of Great Britain had so beset his mind, that every other consideration gave way to it, and he determined first to conquer Wales.

The Welsh had for many years enjoyed their own laws, language, customs and opinions. They were the remains of the ancient Britons,

who had escaped the Roman, Saxon, and Norman invasions, and preserved their freedom and their country uncontaminated by the admission of foreign conquerors. Whenever England was engaged in war, the Welsh made it a constant practice to lay waste the open country, and trusted to their inaccessible mountains for defence; but those barriers did not prevent Edward from taking possession of the country, and the reigning prince, Llewellyn, and his brother David, were slain in battle. The Welsh lost their national independence, which they had preserved for more than eight centuries, and Wales was annexed to England, from which time the eldest son of the king of England has had the title of the Prince of Wales. The Welsh were amply repaid for the loss of a distinct nationality, and emerged from barbarian freedom to a state of more civilized liberty; they became one and the same nation with the conquerors, and enjoyed the same laws and privileges.

The Jews, who were introduced into England by William the Conqueror, had never been treated with much kindness; the king was their only protector, and absolute lord of their estates; at any time when he wanted money he felt at liberty to demand the amount required. In one year in the reign of Henry the Third Aaron, a Jew of York, paid the king thirty thousand marks of silver, besides two hundred marks of gold to the queen; and the last seven years of Henry's reign he received from the Jews the sum of one million two hundred and sixty thousand pounds. They submitted to these extortions, as there was scarcely any Christian country where they were more equitably treated in those days of bigotry and ignorance. Edward now caused all the Jews in England to be seized in one day, and after a strict examination two hundred and eighty were convicted of coining and circulating counterfeit money; they received sentence of death, and were executed at London. The other Jews were all banished from the kingdom and permitted to take their personal property, but their lands were confiscated.

Edward now resolved to unite Scotland with England. A sister of Edward's had some time before married Alexander III., of Scotland, who died leaving only one child, Margaret, who married the king of Norway; she also died and left an only daughter, who was three years old when Alexander died and left his throne to his grand-daughter. Edward proposed to the king of Norway that the Prince of Wales should marry his daughter, Margaret, the little

queen of Scotland, which he agreed to; but the death of the young queen put an end to the project. There were many who claimed the throne, but Robert Bruce had the best right to the crown, being the grandson of Alexander's brother, David, by his daughter Isabella.

Edward marched an army into Scotland and was victorious in many battles, but the Scots would not submit to his rule, though he treated them as a conquered nation, and placed English garrisons and governors in the fortified places. Many of the Scottish nobility swore to obey him as their king, but William Douglas and others refused to take the oath. Edward carried the crown, sceptre, and other symbols of royalty to England, also the famous stone on which the inauguration of their kings was performed, which is still to be seen in Westminster Abbey. William Wallace and other brave men resisted Edward's authority. Robert Bruce, a son of Robert Bruce already mentioned, was crowned king of Scotland a year before the death of Edward, which so exasperated him that he took a solemn oath to march into Scotland and never to return till it was subdued; he spent many months in pursuit of Bruce. He died in a tent by the road-side, July 7, 1307. He was seventy years old, and had reigned thirty-five years.

DELAFIELD, WIS.

One Day.

BY IDA HOPE.

I am weary and vexed to night, and all because I have not been able to spend the day as I wished and expected. This morning I rose early and fully and carefully planned out the day's work. Each particular amount of study, reading, writing, practising, sewing, &c., was put down in its proper quantity and order, and I determined to, this day, "*make up for lost time*," resolutely saying, it should be one of advance. Scarcely had the first in the list of duties been crossed out as "*finished*," when callers were announced. Social politeness told me to obey the summons, and with a slight feeling of vexation I went to the parlor, and found two lady friends, who declared themselves "*delighted to see me; and knew I must be equally with themselves, bored to death by these long dull days—how did I pass my time!*" and wasn't it a shame this horrid war should take away all the dear beaux and leave us so disconsolate!" Then came the talk about

the fashions. "Didn't I think Brodie's last mantles perfect beauties? and wouldn't such and such a shape and shade become Clara best?" then "how did I enjoy last night's soiree—and wasn't it strange Miss G—, should be so jealous of Miss R—'s singing, when their styles were so different there could be no comparison, and both so fine."

Thus we chattered away an hour of what were to me golden moments, but to them mere playthings; my only consolation being that I was helping the really charming little butterflies to gracefully kill an hour of their dull day. They went, and I was soon deeply absorbed in writing out, for his mother, an account of soldier B—'s experience in secessia—similar, alas! to too many that have been lived and suffered in our war-cursed land.

Hush! there's a knock at the door. I say, "what is it?" upon which brother Bertie's curly head pushes in—a pleading voice asks, "Sister Ida, mayn't I come in? I've such a darling little chickie I want to show you, its fur is soft as white kittie's." "Yes, Bertie," then after chickie's fur has been duly stroked and admired, Bertie says, "now, sister, just please untangle this twine. I can't play horse unless you do. I've worked *real* hard, but it only gets worse." So, I untangle the knot and his perplexity at the same time, then with a kiss and an injunction not to come again that morning, I send the little teaser away. An hour of quietness follows, in which my work progresses finely; the facts gathered from letters, and memory of conversations, are being woven into a tale of truth which stirs my own soul to its very depths. Just now sister Lizzie, in the music room below, strikes up a joyous song of victory; a cold chill runs over my excited nerves, and I could almost scream for the pain caused by the discord of the sounds in the room below with the *feelings* in the room above. Reader, did you never, when full of anxiety over some little trouble you could not tell to others, or touched at heart over some thrilling story, or deeply interested over some mental work—your nervous system all life and activity in the effort—feel any sound to be almost torture, and listen with a sort of morbid dread to the steps and voices, which are very natural and pleasant things, when the mind is not thus excited? Then you know something of my feelings when the music below struck in upon and made discord with them. Now this song was the one I oftenest admired and called for. There was such grand harmony between the notes and words. The sounds would go

reaching an equal the su morning, th to the high while the a dirge notes Could the tw horrid jarring

After a ti posed myself ings at this Biddy comes H—, who and a request poor Mrs. P— I dispatch th shut up my v a few house which brings with Mrs. H— of it, and an company, I an thinking over at "Les Mi which lie by late, and the, morrow, whic to-day.

Vigorous-m lock out all th the key which home" which well wonder w much in a lite her "*want of te* unsocial, frigic "*take time*" as duty to conform trol them.

Idle it were to w God's system giv Else might we l more, And cling despair But in the way of And calm content A life well spent! To reach perfectio Though dark and Far in the distanc His ways are joy, The truly happy a

reaching and swelling out as if striving to equal the sublimity of the thoughts. But this morning, the *voice* and *harp* below were tuned to the high concert pitch of jubilant victory, while the *heart* above was tuned to the wailing dirge notes of oppression, sorrow, and death. Could the two instruments blend tones without horrid jarrings?

After a time the music ceased, and I composed myself to writing, with many self-scoldings at this nervous weakness. Presently, Biddy comes to the door with a note from Mrs. H—, which contains an invitation to tea, and a request for the loan of our "daily" for poor Mrs. P—, who has a son in the army! I dispatch the paper and my acceptance, then shut up my work disappointedly, and go about a few household duties, the performance of which brings me to the time of my engagement with Mrs. H—; and now, after the fulfilment of it, and an evening spent in the parlors with company, I am once more seated at my desk thinking over the day's labor. I look hungrily at "*Les Miserables*," and "*Last Poems*," which lie by my side; but no, it is very late, and they must not be touched until to-morrow, which perhaps will be but sister of to-day.

Vigorous-minded men who have power to lock out all these vexatious interruptions with the key which locks them in, and the "not at home" which stands guard at the door, may well wonder why women never accomplish so much in a literary way as they, and laugh at her "*want of time*!" wouldn't they call her an unsocial, frigid "blue-stocking," if she should "*take time*" as they do? Verily it is woman's duty to conform to circumstances, not to control them.

Album Lines.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Idle it were to wish thee perfect bliss—
God's system gives us not full happiness;
Else might we heaven's sweet home of love ignore,
And cling despairing to this earthly shore.
But in the way of duty lieth peace,
And calm content, whose blessings never cease!
A life well spent! It is a royal thing
To reach perfection through much suffering!
Though dark and doubtful seems the dreary way,
Far in the distance looms the brow of day
His ways are joy, if fully understood;
The truly happy always are the good.

A Death-bed Promise.

From the darkened chamber where Philip Stourton's wife lay sick of a mortal disease, the doctor had taken his departure, after gentle but ominous words, and husband and wife were face to face in "the valley of the shadow of death." Buoyed up to the last with hope, that might ebb and flow, but had never wholly forsaken them, the doctor's warning fell heavily indeed on their hearts; and the pangs of parting came upon them with premature and unlooked-for bitterness.

"I could have wished to live a little longer with you," said the sick lady, in a momentary lull of tears, "and not to leave the bonnie little children so soon with no mother to care for them; but, Philip, you will promise me this, it is my dying request—do not put them in the power of a mother who is not their own; such are always cruel. For the memory of me, dear Philip, and for the sake of the children, promise me not to marry again."

Philip Stourton was silent; he felt all the onerous conditions which a promise of this nature involved. However much he loved his wife—and he loved her devotedly—yet he saw what his partner could not see, that in depriving himself of his free will to act, he might be creating for himself a life-long burden and sorrow. But his wife renewed her entreaties, and clasping him round the neck in a passion of tears, besought him not to refuse the request of one so near to the grave. With those dark beseeching dying eyes upon him, he could not deny the petition: he promised. Nay, she begged him even to swear that he would be faithful to her memory, and never wed a second wife; and Philip Stourton took the oath, his reluctance vanquished by an importunity which it seemed almost cruelty to resist.

The nurse who tended Philip's wife was a woman of a peculiar temperament, strictly upright, but fanatical in her notions of duty, and with a strong self-will. She was an old servant, had been in the family of Mrs. Stourton's father many years, and had been selected to accompany the young lady at the marriage. She had a sincere attachment to her mistress, who trusted and favored her, and when the fact became known that Mrs. Stourton could not recover, her grief was violent and uncontrollable. On the day following the scene above described, Philip Stourton walking almost noiselessly into his wife's sick chamber, observed the nurse bending over the poor

invalid, and taking from her hands a letter, whilst some whispered instructions were being given as to its careful delivery. His entrance seemed to disturb them somewhat; but he was too heavy of heart to heed anything except the pale face which looked wistfully at him from the pillow. It was a sorrowful day, for before it closed his young wife died in his arms.

During the months of desolate solitude which followed his bereavement, the circumstance of the promise he had given never once recurred to his mind. The great grief swallowed up all minor responsibilities of life. His loss was irreparable, his sorrow inconsolable; with his heart sealed up, as he fancied and wished, against consolation, he went on his cheerless way. But the influences which nature brings to bear upon us in our misfortunes, though slow and silent in their operation, are in the end irresistible. Grieving constantly over his loss, Philip's sorrow grew less poignant. His children became more dear to him, and to a greater degree than he had thought possible grew to supply the place of his dead wife. By degrees their merriment became less grating to his ears. There were times, too, when his disposition recovered its natural tone; intervals of forgetfulness of the past, of hopefulness for the future. The children found a kind but strict foster-mother in the nurse; and his household was a fairly ordered household yet, though not the bright and complete one which he knew before the spoiler had trespassed upon it.

So Philip Stourton lived through his trouble, and found, after awhile, in his children, his calling, and his books, both comfort and tranquillity.

In his profession of an architect, he worked steadily and successfully; he loved it because he excelled in it, and labor of any kind blunted the sense of pain and loss. A wealthy manufacturer had employed him in the erection of some extensive business premises, and afterwards of a private mansion; and on the completion of the latter, arranged a pleasant party to celebrate the circumstance. To this festive gathering the architect received a kindly worded invitation. Philip debated with himself whether he should accept it, and finally concluded to do so. His wife had now been dead two years, during which time he had altogether refrained from society. In his happier days he had been anything but a recluse, for a gay and buoyant temperament had made him the favorite of many circles; and now the natural desire to mix with men once more began to find

a place in his mind. His promise occasionally recurred to memory, but had hitherto caused him no embarrassment or uneasiness. It was no fear on this score that had influenced his mode of life hitherto; and he thought not at all of the circumstance when he consented at last to break in on the seclusion which had become habitual. Once under the roof of his hospitable friend, Philip's mind quickly took a coloring of cheerfulness and gayety in keeping with the scene. This gayety was, in fact, its most natural phase, and long constraint served no doubt to make each pleasurable impression more vivid. It has been said that he was well fitted to shine in such gatherings; he seemed to regain all his old powers on this occasion. Had the reunion been specially and cunningly planned (as it was not) to allure him back into the circle of living sympathies, the object could scarcely have been accomplished more effectually. The lights, the music, the wine, conversation and repartee, the fair and happy faces about him, made up an atmosphere which a nature like his could not long resist. And when Philip returned to his sombre hearth, the shadows seemed less dense, and life more lovable than before; for we look at life through the coloring medium of inward feelings, and to these human intercourse is like sunshine. But was there no special reason beyond for this revulsion in Philip Stourton's mind? He might have answered there was no other; but it was whispered that bright glances had shone upon and fascinated him. Pshaw! glances indeed. Yes, but they were Honor Westwood's glances, and Honor was a very lovely girl.

She was the niece and ward of Mr. Westwood, their host; his heiress, also, it was said. Philip admired her beauty, felt perhaps a little flattered by her favor. But he was not to be taken by the first pretty face that chanced to look his way. Not in the least.

But Philip had or made an errand to the great house within a few days, when an opportunity was afforded to him of judging whether he had not overestimated the young lady's beauty and courtesy on his first visit; a matter which curiously interested him, and exceedingly favorable to the lady were the conclusions he came to.

Then more than once or twice or thrice did he repeat his visit, and gradually from his heart and from his hearth faded the dark shade which fell upon them when his dear wife died.

One night, after a prolonged visit to the

Westwood and sat down and (troubled) turning aside, and the fire, as were his remarks that the thing was busy. Hence when the night and solitude forbidden companions as the high under disal like others; A wild moon availing remorse, took the long hour not so deeply sufficient could undoubtedly preserve in his lost wife

Honor Westwood's evenings could wanted and proceeded disappeared the bitter, pangs of all again? What of? She seemed her mind in brooded over to do, overvalued to have lost, attachment "ri-

Mr. Westwood and, unacquainted at last sent a what did Philip delusion which to visit his frtelligent interest to shun the shadowy dancing thing to him; that peculiar guessed with sions were in root in him, were unavailable too; now, Philip fested a certain

Westwoods, Philip Stourton returned home, and sat down in his silent study with a flushed and troubled brow. He tried to read, but after turning a page or two the book was thrown aside, and he sat with thoughtful eyes before the fire, absorbed in reverie. Not very pleasant were his reflections, to judge from the muttered words that escaped him now and then, betraying the theme on which his thoughts were busy. He had subjected himself to an influence which few can long resist, more especially when the mind has been acted upon by sorrow and solitude. He found himself suddenly in a forbidden realm, tempted by beauty, affection, companionship, feelings universally welcomed as the highest good of earth. But he was under disabilities; he was not free to choose like others; his promise stared him in the face. A wild mood of passion and remorse, and unavailing repentance perhaps for his rash promise, took possession of his mind, and made the long hours of that night sleepless. He was not so deeply enslaved but that he still retained sufficient control over himself to take what was undoubtedly a wise resolution, if he desired to preserve inviolate the pledge he had given to his lost wife.

Honor Westwood wondered when the summer evenings came and went, but brought not the wanted and welcome guest. To wonder succeeded disappointment, and to disappointment, the bitter, though only half-acknowledged, pangs of slighted love. Would he ever come again? What discourtesy had she been guilty of? She searched her memory and tortured her mind in vain. In Philip's absence she brooded over his image, and, as we are all apt to do, overvalued the merits of what she seemed to have lost, till in this way her half-formed attachment ripened into absolute love.

Mr. Westwood missed Philip Stourton too, and, unacquainted with the true state of affairs, at last sent a pressing summons for him. And what did Philip? With the faculty for self-delusion which is common to us all, he resolved to visit his friend; it was but a pleasant, intelligent intercourse he sought; was it manly to shun the society he valued because of this shadowy danger? Honor Westwood was nothing to him; he would go. He went, and in that peculiar mood of mind it may be easily guessed with what results. His early impressions were intensified, a passionate love took root in him, against which all his struggles were unavailing. But the lady was changed too; now, Philip had come back, she manifested a certain reserve. He felt the change,

and was piqued. Instead of accepting the opportunity thus offered, and placing the intimacy on a footing more consonant to his sense of duty—as had he been at one with himself on the subject he would have done—he determined to combat and overcome this estrangement. He succeeded. As his visits grew more frequent, Honor Westwood's manner resumed its old grace and warmth, till her uncle began to take note of such small circumstances as led him to suspect that his niece and his architect were—well, no matter—Honor was of age, mistress of a small fortune, and Philip Stourton was an estimable man and his good friend. Smooth as regarded outward influences was the course of Philip's love-making, but his own mind was irresolute and distracted. He felt the fascination which had seized upon him grow day by day in power. He knew that he was paltering with a sacred engagement which he had never proposed to himself to break through, yet he would not terminate the dangerous intimacy, and he dared not look beyond the present hour. He worked hard at his profession, crowded task upon task, purposely allowing himself little leisure for reflection, but he gave blind way to his impetuous feelings whenever chance or choice led him to Honor's side. He did not neglect his own home; but the nurse (now housekeeper), to whose management his domestic concerns were intrusted, was far from being satisfied with the state of affairs, and spoke out her mind as she was in the habit of doing. "The motherless children were alighted. Business—if it was business that absorbed Mr. Stourton—should not swallow up home duties; and if it was gay company that attracted him, it was still less excusable." These remonstrances she did not scruple to make to Philip's face, and far from being silenced by his rebukes, let fall expressions which showed a knowledge of the attentions he paid his fair acquaintance, and inveighed bitterly against second marriages. This was sufficiently insolent, but Philip did not care to resort to the obvious remedy. Her well-tryed fidelity, and the anxious care with which she watched over the welfare of his children, forbade her being sent away; so her insubordination was endured, and her prate and caprices passed over as necessary evils.

There came a time, however, when Philip's vacillating purpose became fixed, though probably in an opposite direction to what the real balance of his confused feelings inclined him. On a quiet winter evening he and Honor met once again. It might be she was kinder to

him than usual, or he himself more susceptible. However that might be, her beauty and the scarcely concealed favor with which she regarded him so far conquered, that before they parted he had asked her to become his wife. And on the morrow, while his mind was filled with conflicting emotions of love and remorse, Honor wrote to him, consenting. It made him very happy of course. Poor Philip Stourton.

He had taken a step, however, which seemed irrevocable, and he rushed blindly on to the end. Like a man engaged in the commission of a crime, he resolutely evaded reflection on the course he was pursuing, though he could not prevent his thoughts from playing at a distance, as it were, round the forbidden point. In incessant labor, he endeavored to escape self-examination, indemnifying himself with long evenings of delicious companionship, when conscience, which should then have stung the sharper, was laid to sleep by the all-powerful blandishments of the hour.

After awhile, the marriage day was fixed, and the preparations for it were begun. The fact was whispered about, and reached the ears of Philip's housekeeper; but, strangely enough, that ready tongue of hers for once was mute, though her feelings were anything but placid, to judge from her stormy face.

One evening, after a laughing dispute about some intended matrimonial arrangement, Honor suddenly remarked—

"By the way, Philip, what was the nature of that promise you made your late wife? I have received a curious anonymous letter about you, which I suppose I ought to show you."

Philip's face grew white; he was not able to affect unconcern, the onset was so unexpected and so deadly. He remained silent, breathing hurriedly, like a man in pain.

Honor was rather startled when she observed the effects produced by her words, and said—

"I am sorry, dear Philip, if I have grieved you by my question, but I have indeed received a letter containing some vague accusation or other against you. I give not the slightest credence to it, however; neither do I ask you to explain anything, if to do so would be disagreeable to you. I can trust you, Philip."

"You have trusted me, Honor, more than I deserve," said Philip; "let me look at the letter."

She handed it to him; it contained but a few words, penned evidently by an illiterate person, and ran thus: "You are about to be mar-

ried to Philip Stourton, I hear. You have no right to him. Ask him about the promise, the oath he took to his wife who is dead. God will visit you both."

There was no signature. Philip read it thrice, and lingered over it, as though endeavoring to take some resolution in his own mind. He looked at Honor at last, and said:

"Could you marry me, Honor, if you knew I had broken a promise such as the letter mentions?"

Honor trembled a little; but after a short pause, smilingly said:

"Well, perhaps I could, provided it were not a very bad case."

"A death-bed promise—an oath?" said Philip.

The lady was silent for a moment, and her eyes began to fill with tears.

"What have you been doing, Philip? What do you mean? Must you break an oath in marrying me?"

"I must," groaned Philip. "I promised my wife on her death-bed not to marry again. She had no right—I feel it now—to impose such a burden upon me. I had no right so to pledge myself; but I did. It is irrevocable; no one can relieve me of it."

"I will not marry a man who has perjured himself," said Honor. "You have been cruel, very cruel to tempt me so far for this. I cannot marry you now, Philip," she repeated; and covering her face with her hands, she sobbed bitterly, and left the room. Philip, too, stole away, crushed and miserable; in his own eyes, hopelessly dishonored.

Truth, loyalty, self-respect, you are but thin shades dwelling in a human breast, lightly esteemed, seemingly of little power; but when you depart, the pillars of the world seem to have fallen in, so weak and desolate are our lives without you.

If Philip had been less scrupulously honorable, if in his heart he had attached as little weight to the promise made to his wife as his recent course implied, he need not have seen his hopes fall in ruin about him as they now appeared to do. It was not that he lacked the ingenuity to avert it. It had crossed his mind, of course, to deny the vague accusation contained in that miserable scrawl, to impute malice and falsehood to the writer. Who was to know what transpired between him and his wife at such an hour? And Honor Westwood would have been a lenient judge, although in her secret heart she had believed him guilty; but when, confronted with his offence, con-

science reass to admit the

Philip wen there sat de unlocked a which glitter It was a pisto his elbow, an sent eyes tow there, as we n tion is busy a haps he did.

dead wife—e evil deed he n of his children appealing to l the scant men might be, a cl long which au the shining lo

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With stern himself from unfortunate pa before he had getfulness. Th in a measure s by degrees into harder to him face of Honor dealt her in her the apologies heart, he would back. Her sex would deal lig woman perhaps

science reasserted itself, and constrained him to admit the truth.

Philip went straight home to his study, and there sat down. By and by he got up hastily, unlocked a secretaire, and drew out something which glittered in the dull light of the lamp. It was a pistol. He placed it on the table at his elbow, and turned his pale cheek and averted eyes towards the fire. Did he see faces there, as we all do occasionally, when imagination is busy and judgment in abeyance? Perhaps he did. The gentle face, it may be, of his dead wife—earnest, loving, deprecating the evil deed he meditated. The faces, perchance, of his children, touched with dread and wonder, appealing to him not to leave them helpless to the scant mercy of the world. However that might be, a change came over his face before long which augured a better mind, and he put the shining loathsome weapon back.

On the morrow, though his reflections were bitter enough, the despair which had given birth to that dark thought of the previous night no longer haunted him. It was true that there was an end forever to his hopes for Honor, but now at least he could face conscience once more. He was even glad, amidst his disappointed passion and poignant sense of humiliation, that he had been prevented from completing his design. The authorship of the anonymous letter perplexed him, though his suspicions finally narrowed down to his own housekeeper. Yet how could she have possessed herself of the secret? His wife, he felt certain, would never have communicated to her what took place at that troubled interview, but it was possible she might have overheard. He took measures to ascertain, if he could, the truth; but they were of no avail. The woman's sullen answers revealed nothing, and Philip ceased at last to question, though not to suspect her.

With stern self-discipline, Philip weaned himself from everything connected with his unfortunate passion, hoping to find, as once before he had found, in labor, solace and forgetfulness. The struggle, though sharp, was in a measure successful, and he calmed down by degrees into content. It would have been harder to him had he seen how dim the fair face of Honor grew beneath the cruel blow dealt her in her trustfulness; and had he heard the apologies she made for him to her own heart, he would most surely have been tempted back. Her sex naturally, it may be assumed, would deal lightly with such an offence. A woman perhaps was wronged, but a woman

was the gainer—and promises are but words. Honor was angry with him, it must be confessed; but rather because he faltered than because he allowed himself to be tempted. "She had no right to exact such a promise; he had no right to give it; but the fault was hers. O Philip! had you urged this as some would have urged it, I think I should have forgiven you." So mused the woman he loved; and it was well for Philip he could not know.

With great chivalry of character, Honor never disclosed to her guardian the cause of the abrupt termination of their engagement; and he naturally attributed it to some petty quarrel originating in a difference of disposition.

"You must make it up, Honor," he said more than once. "Write to Philip, and bring him back." But of course Honor never wrote, and Philip never came.

Several months had passed away, when Philip Stourton's housekeeper was taken seriously ill. Meeting the doctor after one of his visits, Philip asked how his patient progressed. "I will not disguise from you," was the reply, "that she is in great danger, I fear she will not recover."

"I trust you are mistaken, doctor," Philip said; "I could ill afford to lose her, she has been a most faithful servant."

The same evening Philip visited the sick-room, and perceived too plainly that he had heard the truth. A peculiar expression came over the pale hard features of the housekeeper when she observed his entrance, and there was an anxiety in her manner of replying to his inquiries which attracted his attention.

"Are we alone?" she asked.

Philip replied in the affirmative.

"I wished much to see you. I know I shall not live long," she continued, "and there is a matter nearly concerning you, of which I feel it my duty to speak—something about your late wife, my beloved mistress."

Her voice was steady, her manner resolute; but she paused, as if debating with herself whether or not to proceed. Philip asked if she referred to the letter received by Honor Westwood.

"Yes, to that, and something beside. Mark, sir, I do not confess I have done wrong. I do not believe it, and I do not repent of what I have done. But if I had lived, I should have broken silence some day, and I feel I have no right to take my secret out of the world with me. Listen: I nursed Mrs. Stourton when she was a child, and I loved her. Before she died,

she called me to her, and confided to me how in the first dreadful moment when the knowledge of her fate came upon her, she had exacted from you an oath that you would never marry again. She told me that in a calmer hour she had considered and repented of the act, but that the subject was too painful to be revived betwixt you again. She intrusted to me a letter which she had written to you, and enjoined me to deliver it to you when she was dead. That letter I never delivered."

Philip was struck dumb by the avowal; the old affection and the new hope, both starting to life at the sound of the dying woman's voice, clashed together within his heart.

The housekeeper went on: "Of second marriages I do not approve, and I do not believe they are happy ones. It was enough for me that my darling wished you not to marry again. She might unsay the words, but she could not unsay the wish, and I followed her wish. Had you not your children to console you, and was I not better to them than a stepmother could be? However, I am leaving you now, and you may work your will. I wrote the letter to Miss Westwood. I do not say forgive me for all this, for I have prayed to Heaven for guidance, and my conscience does not condemn me."

"Nurse, you have acted a strange part; I might reproach you, save that you are so near to the time when you will be judged by a higher power. Where is the letter you have withheld?"

The sick woman put her hand beneath the pillow, and drew it forth. Philip took it, and silently left the room.

In the silence of his study, with a beating heart, he opened the letter, which seemed in truth like a message from the dead. With difficulty he deciphered the loving, sorrowful words that his wife's dying hand had traced to free him from his fetters. Amongst many a blurred passage of tenderness and regret, there was no word of reservation; he stood fully absolved from his oath.

Men's hearts will not cease to beat with love and passion, though never so faithful a friend or dear companion is spirited away from their sides. The dead are not forgotten, nor are their memories profaned because we who are left, impelled by irresistible instincts, seek out in the living world those who can best compensate us for our loss. It is but selfishness, after all, that commands us to remember yet forbids us to restore, and

Set our souls to the same key
Of the remembered harmony.

It was not long before Honor Westwood had to weigh another proposal, urged with greater earnestness and new credentials; nor was it long before the bells rang out a merry marriage peal for Philip Stourton's second nuptials.

Our Lamie.

BY H. A. HEYDON.

Six times the New Year's sun had poured

His glory o'er the wintry skies,

When 'mid the falling of the snow,

Our Lamie opened his blue eyes;

And all of winter's chill and gloom

Was banished from our little room.

We did not heed the storm without,

For all within was bright and fair;

Light, beyond summer's day,

Lay on our baby's shining hair;

And his wee hands put far apart

All clouds and darkness from our heart.

Earth had no music like his voice—

Aye, not the Sabbath's holy bell,

So like a benediction came

As his soft, dove-like cooing fell,

To the dear baby it was given

To keep the voice he brought from Heaven.

Five times the April sun had poured

His glory o'er the Spring's soft skies,

And with his kindly kiss of love

Had oped the violet's blue eyes.

When soft and low, a voice there came,

And called our Lamie by his name.

For the kind Shepherd, looking down

With love and pity in his eyes,

Saw where our little Lamb had strayed

From the green fields of paradise.

Our Lamie knew His voice of old,

And turned obedient to the fold.

We laid our little treasure down

With April violets to sleep,

Well knowing that the Shepherd's love

His Lamb and ours would safely keep—

Would give to him eternal rest,

Close folded on His loving breast.

Father, our hearts have heard the voice

That called our precious Lamb away,

And we would follow meekly where

His little feet have led the way,

Till through the gates of light we pass,

And with him view thee face to face.

A good wife is to a man, wisdom and courage, and strength and endurance. A bad one is confusion, weakness, discomfiture, and despair. No condition is hopeless where the wife possesses firmness, decision, and economy.

Battle
A STORY

BY V.

Another year
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London. It was
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Battle Fields of Our Fathers.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Another year had come and gone, and the day long dreaded dawned at last for New London. It was a pleasant Autumn morning, the sixth of September which we all have read of; the apples were ripening in the orchard, the nuts in the forests; no touch of the frost had shriveled the leaves into yellow parchment, or burned them into crimson; it was a fair and peaceful morning, with white sails like a camp of shining tents unfurled on the distant hills; the sweet exhilarating scent of sassafras, and pine, and fern filled the air; the birds sang the joyful songs they had sung through all the summer mornings which had just gone by, and the blue smoke curled up gently from the many homesteads of the pleasant town, that sat that morning as it would never again sit by the blue Thames.

With the early dawn of that day whose story was to be written in fire and blood, and in one of the most shameful massacres that ever disgraced humanity, the inhabitants of New London were aroused from their slumbers by the alarm guns from Fort Griswold, on the opposite side of the Thames. Anxious faces were soon peering from every window and house-top towards the large fleet of the enemy which stood off the harbor. And when the sun rose, it rose on a distracted town and on a heart-rending scene.

The inhabitants knew too well the character of the enemy they had to deal with, to dare to trust themselves in his power, and there was no resource but to seek safety in flight. The streets were full of mothers hurrying away with their little children—of old and young like seeking some place of refuge; cries of terror, confusion, lamentation filled the sweet morning air, and all this time the proud warships rode slow and threatening towards the town.

Sir Henry Clinton had discovered at last the destination of the American army, which its commander had concealed from him by such a series of masterly manoeuvres. That army was now far on its march to Yorktown, to join the forces assembled there. The British general saw at once the great advantage which Washington had gained by this move, and the imminent peril to which Lord Cornwallis would now be subjected. Stung with mortification and filled with apprehension on first learning

the destination of the American army, Sir Henry Clinton resolved as a kind of counter-plot, to strike a fearful blow on New London, which might possibly have the effect of detaching a part of the troops intended for Yorktown, for the protection of Connecticut; and the command of this expedition, which signalized itself by all that is barbarous and bloodthirsty in warfare, was given to the arch traitor, *Benedict Arnold!*

"Daughter," said Deacon Palmer, giving the spyglass to his daughter, for the signal guns had aroused the family at the homestead, "your eyes are younger than mine. Look off the southward and tell us all you see."

The Deacon and his daughter were at the top of the house. Mrs Palmer and Benny stood at the foot of the ladder which led to the scuttle, awaiting, the one with trembling anxiety, the other with boyish curiosity for the tidings. Grace steadied the glass and swept the harbor with her gaze.

"There is a fleet of ships and transports sufficient to carry thousands of troops. They are moving straight towards the town! Oh, father, what shall we do?" setting down the glass.

"What shall we do, father?" echoed Mrs. Palmer at the foot of the ladder.

"Look to the Lord for help against the mighty," answered the solemn voice of the Deacon; and the words strengthened all their hearts.

Deacon Palmer took hasty counsel with his family.

"Don't you think we'd better set to work and pack up and hide as much as we can? The British'll take and destroy whatever they can lay their hands on," asked Mrs. Palmer, trying to speak very calmly.

"I don't think they'll be very likely to get out as far as here. The militia'll be on hand to hold 'em back, but they'll fight at fearful odds. You may as well pack up your silver and any little trinkets you or Grace have, and I'll bury 'em with my papers at the back of the barn. As for the household goods, there's no use in tryin' to conceal 'em, and we must leave them to take their chance."

"I'd like to see them British come to my house!" exclaimed Benjamin, who had listened to all this conversation with wide eyes and mouth, and he dashed his small fists fiercely in the air, at an imaginary foe.

"Oh, Benny, poor child, what could you do!" exclaimed his mother, looking at him sorrowfully.

"I could do a great deal!" his self-esteem somewhat wounded. "Aint I nine years old?"

Mrs. Palmer did not smile now, as under other circumstances she would have been very likely to do; and the next moment her youngest born set off energetically to assist his father in preparing a place of concealment for whatever was most valuable or precious to his family.

Grace went to her own room and took out Edward's portrait, and gazing on the beloved features, a thrill of thankfulness went over her that both he and Robert were absent, and that she was spared from the haunting anxiety which would fill so many hearts that day; and then she thought with a pang of Nathaniel Trueman and his mother; he was at home; he would be among the first to join the militia that the signal guns were calling together to resist the progress of the foe!

Grace had not seen her betrothed during this year, as she had at one time ventured to hope. He had remained at the hospital until nearly spring on account of his wounds, and when at last he was exchanged, did not solicit a furlough, as he had previously anticipated doing, because of the arrival of his friend General Greene at the South. The latter, on taking command of the Southern army, had earnestly entreated that the young officer would remain with him. The Major had recently been promoted to the rank of Colonel.

The various articles which it was thought best to secure, were hastily bestowed in a strong box and buried in the rear of the barn. Then Deacon Palmer returned to his wife and said quietly, but in that kind of voice which showed that his mind was made up—

"Wife, give me your blessing, for I'm goin' to start right off to j'in the militia!"

"Oh, father, such an old man as you!" gasped the deprecating voices of the wife and daughter.

"No matter for my age, so long as I've got stout muscle enough in this right arm to aim a musket. Every man that can do that, old or young, ought to set out now. Mother—Grace, you won't be the one to keep me from doing my duty?"

The two pale women could not say a word. The Deacon went up stairs and brought down his musket. His wife slipped his breakfast into his hands. Then the old man commended his family "to the love of God" and set out.

Grace and her mother went to the top of the house once more, and watched the ships come to anchor, and the debarkation of the enemy.

They landed in two divisions of about eight hundred men each on either side of the river.

Arnold had command of the division on the New London side, and the two women traced with fear and anguish the path of the British troops by the gleam of their scarlet uniforms through the foliage. But in a short time they were summoned down again. All the roads leading from New London were filled with groups of panic-stricken women and children, fleeing from their homes and seeking shelter at the farm-houses along the road.

They met everywhere with cordial reception, but found nowhere a warmer and more sympathetic welcome than at the Palmer homestead. The Deacon's wife bestirred herself with her characteristic hospitality to furnish food and shelter for all who sought it under her roof that day.

"It's well we've got a full larder to share with 'em, Grace," she whispered to her daughter, as they set the tables; for the group of homeless, panic-stricken women increased constantly, and each had some pitiful tale to sob into Grace's ear or her mother's, and each had saved some precious relic which was confided to their care.

"Grace," said one pale, broken-hearted looking woman, slipping a small package into the girl's hand, "them's my little Tommy's red morocco shoes—the only pair that ever went on to his blessed little feet, and he was so proud on 'em. Last night he breathed his last in my arms, and his father had to hurry him off in a box to the graveyard and bury him without a parson or a prayer; but I was determined if the British got everything else I own in the world, they shouldn't have my little Tommy's red morocco shoes!"

"They shant either, without they have my life with them," and Grace sobbed with the poor mother.

"Grace," said a very old woman, who had tottered out of the town leaning on her staff and the arm of a kind neighbor, "you don't 'spose them are Britishers 'll burn up the house where Jacob and I lived so many years?"

"I hope not, Aunt Platt. Do rest yourself in this arm chair."

The old woman clasped her shrivelled hands on her staff with the bewildered, appealing look of a little child—

"Grace," she said, "I couldn't get along without the chimbley corner to sit in. There's no other place in the whole world that seems home to me. It's my corner, Grace, and my old oak chair stands there that Jacob made me

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"I hope not," answered Grace, with a sinking of heart for the old woman's sake. "Do take a glass of mother's spiced bitters, Aunty Matt. They'll set you up after your long talk," and she pressed the glass into the old woman's shaking hands.

"Grace," called a third, a pale, grief-stricken woman, with an infant on her knee and three little children standing about her, "you don't suppose they'll burn up my house in Widow's world, do you? It's all I've got in the world to shelter me and my fatherless little children. I thought when word came that Jason was shot the battle of Camden, that I wouldn't ask to live another hour if 'twasn't for my children; but what are they going to do now—for little fatherless things, if the house is burnt down, and they no father to care for 'em and no home to go to!"

And Grace looked from the mother to the little bewildered faces clustered about her.

"You and the children shall have a home with us, if the British burn yours!" she said, full of the fulness of her heart.

And so the girl went, an angel of comfort to one stricken group to another, listening to the sad stories that were poured in her ear on every side, offering what comfort of cheer or sympathy she could, and forgetting her own sorrows in those of others. As for Benny, his sympathies were aroused into large activity by all he saw and heard. He made himself very useful to his mother and sister in their benevolent work that morning, and went everywhere, his merry face elongated with an expression of grave interest, although on the whole it must be admitted that he somewhat enjoyed the excitement.

At last, unable to contain himself any longer, he mounted a chair, rubbed his hands, and was delivered himself—

"Look here, you folks, don't be scared if the Britishers do burn down your houses. You all stay here just as well as not, and fear'll build on some new additions, and we can be together!"

A faint smile flitted over many a troubled face at this generous offer of Benny's, and more than one voice said—

"He's a true chip of the old block."

But the anxiety of every one, whether general or personal, converged of course to one centre, and that was, the progress of the British troops towards the town. There was

a height covered with young oaks back of the Deacon's house, from which the progress of the enemy could be watched with perfect security.

Arnold's progress to the town of New London was only slightly disputed. The militia, who manned an advance battery and Fort Trumbull, retreated before the overwhelming superiority of the enemy to Fort Griswold, on the other side of the Thames, and Arnold advanced and took possession of the town. He drew rein on a height which commanded it, and surveyed the scene before him. One wonders what feelings must have stirred the heart of the traitor at that moment! Every object that his glance touched must have been familiar to his eyes, for only a few miles to the north lay his birth-place. Did no memory of his guileless childhood oversweep his soul at that hour—no thought of the gentle mother who led him every Sabbath morning to the old church—no memory of the pleasant summer days when he played in the green pastures with his sister Hannah—did no thought of what he was *then*, of the deed he had come to do *now*, accursed of God and man, sting through his darkened soul, as he drew bridle on the height which overlooked New London, sleeping in the peaceful autumn sunshine? If any such memories overswept the soul of Benedict Arnold in that hour, they only stung it into fiercer desperation and deadlier vengeance. He waved his sword. "Soldiers, do your duty," was his infamous order to his troops; and then they set to their foul work of devastation and destruction.*

We all know what was done to New London on that day. The shipping and the public buildings were first fired, and then the inhabitants watched from a short distance the red flames as they rose up and wrapt their homesteads one after another. They wondered that the sun could shine and the pleasant sky look down calmly on that scene of horror.

"Oh righteous Judge, come and rend the heavens—come with Thy right arm bared to the rescue of Thy people!" prayed Grace Palmer, as she leaned herself heavily a moment

* For the sake of justice the writer subjoins the following:—

"It ought to be stated as a general fact, that Arnold's orders appeared to have been given with some reference to humanity and the laws of civilized warfare. Private houses were to be spared, unless in some few instances where the owners were particularly obnoxious. Yet no one can be certain that an excited soldiery will not transcend their orders, and scenes of distress must be expected in the train of a reckless invasion."—*Miss Caulkins's History of New London.*

against the side of the house, for she had been witnessing on the height the devouring flames, as home after home of those around her went down in their lurid glare, until her soul had sickened at the sight, and unable to endure it she sought the house. But the sun shone on, the blue sky smiled calmly over that day's work, and the destruction went on, in the pleasant old town that sat by the Thames. And fearful as were the scenes we have related, others of a far more terrible character were transpiring on the eastern side of the river.

The history of that sixteenth of September was written at New London in fire, it was written at Fort Griswold in blood!

CHAPTER XXIV.

We must draw briefly, oh reader, and drop quickly for your sake and ours the curtain which hangs before that awful tragedy. The very heart-blood curdles to read the story as history with her calm voice relates it, and for the rest, they alike who wrought, and they who suffered that woe, are long since with God.

There were at the time but about one hundred and fifty men in the newly built fort, and two-thirds of these had hastened with whatever arms lay at hand to reinforce the slender garrison. The hearts of brave men beat, however, under those coarse garments, and when the British officer sent an insolent demand for absolute surrender, it was twice sternly rejected. Then the work of destruction commenced. The little band in the fort fought against the overwhelming numbers of the enemy, as brave men will for all they hold most dear. Colonel Eyre, who commanded the British forces, was mortally wounded, and Major Montgomery, who succeeded him, thrust through with a spear; but at last the little garrison was overcome, the fort was carried at the point of the bayonet. Then the slaughter commenced—a slaughter in which it seemed that the foe was suddenly turned into a company of fiends.

Colonel Ledyard, the brave commander of the fort, who had said that very morning, as he stepped into the boat which was to convey him across the Thames—"If I must this day lose life or honor, you who know me can tell which it will be"—ordered his men to lay down their arms. He surrendered his own sword only to have it thrust through his body! Everywhere the helpless little band was hunted and slaughtered as men would not slaughter wild beasts.

The men lifted up their hands and cried in vain for mercy of their foes. They were gashed through and through—bayoneted over and over—pursued, ferreted out from every spot where they had sought shelter, only to be slaughtered. The history of civilized warfare cannot furnish a massacre perpetrated with more diabolical fury than that which transpired at Fort Griswold. But have we not said the wronger and the wronged are with God. Eighty-four of the little band of brave men, who had assembled in the morning for the defence of the fort at Groton, were slain; the wounded lay all about in the hot afternoon sun, with none to offer them so much as a draught of cold water. But at last that long day of horrors drew to its close. The smoke rose slowly from the blackened hearths where the pleasant homesteads had stood that morning, the militia at last gathered together in such force from the neighboring towns as to render them formidable, and Benedict Arnold looked on and gave the order to retire.

The ghastly corpses at Fort Griswold were left where they had fallen; the wounded men were hastily packed one on top of another in a heavy ammunition wagon, and twenty of the enemy undertook to drag it down the steep ridge, on the summit of which stood Fort Griswold. The weight was so great, however, that the men abandoned it, leaving the wagon to descend of itself. The sides of the hill were sprinkled with rocks, stumps, and bushes. The wagon, left to its own impetus, proceeded with accelerated velocity, and at length struck suddenly against an old apple-tree, recoiled and swayed round, thus enhancing the agony of the mangled men inside, until their cries swept across the Thames, and were heard amid the crackling of the flames, and the confusion and distraction that reigned there. Several of the men were thrown upon the ground, several were killed outright. The sufferers were hastily conveyed into a house at the foot of the hill. Benedict Arnold left orders to fire the fort, and then taking what prisoners they could with them, the enemy set sail from the shores they had ravaged.

Deacon Palmer hurried home to relieve the apprehensions of his family at nightfall, and carry with him the joyful tidings of the departure of the enemy.

"Oh, father, have you been spared!" broke out Mrs. Palmer, as she saw the form which had never left her thoughts for a moment that day, entering the door.

The Deacon set down his musket.

"Yes, Patten and seen fit, I'm more account the day, and I expect yet, for there's but the enemy's."

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"Yes, Patience, the Lord's preserved me, and seen fit, I'm afeared, to take many lives of more account than mine. We've had an awful day, and I expect we don't know the worst on't yet, for there's been hot fitin' at Fort Griswold, and the enemy's left our shores."

There was a flash of joy on the pale faces of the women that had huddled round the Deacon; and as the old man looked from one to another, and saw many who the next morning could find their homes a blackened heap of ruins, his heart gave way, and he bowed down his head and wept.

"Has there been much fighting to-day, father?" asked Grace, when the old man lifted his head once more.

"Not much on our side the river. The militia was ready enough to go into the battle, but they wanted a fair fight in an open field, and not to give the enemy the privilege of bottlin' 'em to death cooped up in stone walls, where resistance would be useless."

At that moment the door was thrust wide open again, and Mrs. Trueman and Lucy hurriedly entered the room. Mrs. Trueman addressed herself in a rapid, agitated way to the Deacon, seeming hardly conscious of the presence of the others.

"It's all Lucy's doin's that I stopped in to see if anybody's goin' over to the fort, though I don't need company, and it's nonsense to talk about it now!"

"No, it isn't, mother," put up Lucy's protesting voice. "I shall go with you unless I find somebody else to do it."

"What takes you over to the fort to-night, Mrs. Trueman?" asked the Deacon with a questioning heart.

"Because my boy's there. He started off this morning, and I must know whether he's dead or alive afore I can ever sleep in."

It was evident there was no use in attempting to oppose Mrs. Trueman. Lucy had been convinced of this, and leaving the tavern full of women and children, who had crowded there for shelter, she had accompanied her mother as far as the Deacon's, resolved that as she was needed at home at this juncture, she would not suffer Mrs. Trueman to visit the fort alone.

"It isn't safe for mother," said Lucy, in a low voice, whose decision reflected her parent's. "I will keep close to her side, unless there is some other here to take charge of her."

There was no one to accompany Mrs. Trueman but the Deacon, and the fatigue and ex-

citement of the day, and the overflowing household of helpless women which needed his care, rendered his departure almost impossible. Mrs. Trueman listened impatiently to her daughter's expostulations, and was making up her mind to end them by leaving the house, when a neighbor suddenly appeared at the door, to whom the matter was easily explained. The man offered to accompany Mrs. Trueman to Groton, thus ending all discussion.

Mrs. Trueman had just left the door when a light hand touched the Deacon's arm, a hand which he knew had a silent entreaty in it.

"What is it, daughter?"

"I think I may be of some use there at the fort. Perhaps there are wounded men there who need care."

The Deacon looked up in his daughter's face and hesitated.

"My child, you will be likely to see terrible sights. I'm afraid they'll prove too much for you."

"I can stand it;" her brave, steadfast face was witness for her. "Oh father, if anybody that we knew or loved was lying there!"

He knew then that she was thinking of Edward and Robert.

"I will not stand in your way, my child," said the old man, and Grace hurried away, and came upon Mrs. Trueman a few rods from the gate.

It was late that night before the two women could cross the ferry and reach the fort. Of the awful spectacle which presented itself to their eyes, history has kept its sickening record. More than eighty men lay dead before them—more than eighty-four not killed in fair and open fight, but foully slaughtered by others, whom the thirst for blood had turned into fiends. There they lay gashed and mangled, and plundered after they were dead, so that many of them could not be recognized.

And amongst these, with the torches glaring wildly over their white faces, the women of Groton searched for their dead; that day's work had made forty widows. Every few moments some new shriek, breaking above the general sobs and lamentations, proclaimed that another beloved face had been recognized; while amid the groups was occasionally one who seemed utterly stupefied by the great shock of anguish, and looked on the dead with wild dry eyes without a moan.

In one corner sat a woman with a head pillowed upon her lap, the short black hair dagged in blood, while she rocked herself to and fro, and kissed the white lips over and over,

"My little boy called to me when I left home, 'Mother, you'll bring pa back, wont you?' and I said, 'Yes, Tommy, I'll be sure to bring him,' and now when I go back alone he'll stretch out his hands and ask me for him the first thing, and how can I tell my boy that he is fatherless!" She said this lifting up her pitiful face to Grace, who had never seen her before.

And a little way from this woman knelt another, with her hands clasped over a mutilated form which that morning had been her husband.

"He called back to me as he went out this morning, 'Now, Nancy, keep up a brave heart, and expect me back with good news and a first rate appetite for supper.' And I waited long past supper time but he didn't come—oh he didn't come!" passionately sobbed the broken-hearted woman.

And this, oh reader, was what the fathers and mothers suffered to purchase our birth-right of liberty. Grace had taken no thought for herself from the moment she left her father's door. Every other feeling had been absorbed in sympathy for Mrs. Trueman, who had scarcely spoken during the journey. Mrs. Trueman and Grace had simultaneously staggered back at the sickening spectacle which met their eyes when they first entered the fort, but in a few minutes the mother stepped forward and made a sign to Grace. A man who stood near passed a couple of torches to the women, and they commenced their search. Mrs. Trueman went first and Grace followed. One by one they searched—one by one. The glare of the torches dropped on each dead face a moment and then passed by, until it reached the last! Then Mrs. Trueman turned to Grace, and there came almost a smile to her white lips—

"Nathaniel is not among them!" she said, and as the awful dread lifted itself from her heart, Grace wondered if the mother rejoiced more than she did.

The early dawn once more looked in at Fort Griswold, when tidings were brought that the wounded men had been conveyed to the foot of the hill on which the fort stood. Mrs. Trueman and Grace hurried thither, both with unspoken fears in their hearts.

Sixty wounded men had passed that long night of anguish together under one roof, with no hand to relieve, nor voice, save their own groans, to soothe their sufferings. The men lay as they had been carelessly tossed in here by the enemy, after being plundered.

In one of the rooms to the right lay, a little apart from the others, the slender figure of a young man; the face was turned towards the east, whence the light would be sure to come. It was a face that once seeing you would never have forgotten, but would have turned back to look at again and again amongst all those faces. A smile of singular, I had almost said awful sweetness, lingered on the still lips, and seemed to shed its peace over all the thin, beautiful face. The long brown hair clustered thick about it. There was no trace of violence on the features, only a deep wound near the breast; and at midnight out of that wound had gone peacefully the life of Nathaniel Trueman! Mrs. Trueman and Grace entered the room together. Their eyes fell upon the face turned smilingly to the east. It needed no second glance to tell that story, which sooner or later is all that can be told of any of us.

"He is dead!" said under her breath a woman who had followed the two.

"Sh—sh—" Mrs. Trueman turned round and smiled at the woman, a smile which made Grace shut her eyes when she saw it. "You'll wake my boy," she said, "he isn't dead, he's only gone to sleep!"

That first shock had been too much for the poor mother! She sat down on the floor—she smoothed the brown hair softly away from the cold cheeks, with just the look of a mother watching over her sleeping infant.

"My pretty boy!" she murmured, "how sweet he smiles; he al'ays had jest that trick of smilin' in his sleep! How I've sat by his cradle and watched it for the hour together, until he looked so beautiful I'd grow almost afraid he'd take wings suddenly and fly away. He looks as if he might now, don't he, Grace?"

There came no answer, only a low sob. Mrs. Trueman looked up, and seeing Grace's tears she moved uneasily—

"Don't cry, Grace," she said, "My boy isn't dead as they called him. Don't you see he's only gone to sleep!"

"Mrs. Trueman," said Grace, and her tears were still, "*Nathaniel sleeps in God.*"

The truth seemed to flash upon Mrs. Trueman's mind. She drew down her cheek to Nathaniel's, put her arms about him—

"Oh, my boy," she murmured, "wont you let your mother come and sleep with you?"

A little later, when they went to remove the two, they found the mother lying unconscious, with her arms wrapped tight about her dead son.

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CHAPTER XXV.

Nearly seven weeks later Grace Palmer, wiping the breakfast dishes one morning, paused a moment, threw open the kitchen window and looked out. It was a fine morning in the late October, with a keen sharp air which had a touch of the frost in it. She drank in the pungent odor of pine, and sassafras, and sweet fern, with a pleasant seasoning from the sea. She saw how the maples had turned and the chestnuts paled when the frost walked in the night among them, and the golden rod flamed by the farm fences.

The girl's thoughts went back as she gazed over the last seven weeks. They had been very busy ones for the family of Deacon Palmer. The friends who had found hospitable cheer under their roof, on that awful sixth of September, had mostly remained with them until they could find or return to their friends.

Their numbers had contracted gradually, until the only one who remained now was the old woman who had evinced so much anxiety for the safety of her "chimbley corner;" but this had not escaped the general conflagration; and the Deacon had generously offered her his, and the old woman had settled herself there in the placid contentment of second childhood.

"Grace," said a low, sad voice, at the girl's shoulder. She turned quickly, to meet the face of Lucy Trueman. She had come softly round by the side-door, and the girl had not been in the house since *that* night.

"Oh, Lucy, I'm glad to see you." All Grace felt at the moment was not in her words, but it was in her face.

"The doctor said I mustn't stay in the house another day," said the girl, "without taking the air, so I thought I'd step in a minute, Grace."

She was not the Lucy Trueman of old, with her arch, pretty ways, and breaks of laughter that lighted your heart. The spring was gone out of her voice and step, and the shadow of a great sorrow had fallen on the bright face.

In a grief such as Lucy's had been, one always feels the weakness and limitation of words. Grace did not touch it with these words, but she kissed Lucy, and held her hand in a tender caressing which had its language. "I was thinking just that yesterday, that you'd certainly get sick if you kept in the house so close, and was going over this afternoon, to force you into a walk with me."

At that moment Mrs. Palmer came in with her apronful of late squashes she had just gathered.

"Well, Lucy, I declare I'm beat!" was her

homely welcome; but her voice made it a very cordial one; and she took off her sunbonnet, and emptied the squashes on the table.

"How is your mother, Lucy?" sitting down close by the girl.

"There don't seem to be much change, Mrs. Palmer. She hasn't set up for the last two days, only to have her bed made, and don't seem to take any interest in the world. I can't rouse her only to talk about—you know."

The tears glistened in the eyes of both listeners.

"I should have been over yesterday afternoon, if the shower hadn't come up just as I got through with cheese pressin'. I'm still in hopes she'll be more reconciled."

"I've almost given up hope," continued Lucy, wiping the great tears from her cheeks; but Parson Willetts says he hasn't. He comes to see mother every day, and you ought to hear his prayers and how he talks. It just lifts one right up from this world. He told mother he didn't believe that if Nathaniel had been his own son he could have felt his death more. You know he studied with the Parson for the last three years, and Nathaniel was so much attached to him."

"Can't he say something to comfort your mother, Lucy?" asked Mrs. Palmer.

"Oh, you'd think he *must*, if you were to hear him talk. He said to her yesterday that she had cause for thankfulness above most mothers—that we could none of us tell what sorrow or darkness might have been Nathaniel's portion if he had lived; but now we were certain he had got beyond the reach of any possible pain or harm; and that good and happy as he was on earth, he was better and happier now."

"Mrs. Trueman," said he, 'it's a great thing to have such a noble, beautiful youth as Nathaniel to give back to God, who first gave him to you. When I think of the clear evidence he left of his beautiful Christian life, crowned by his noble death, I feel as if I could come to you and say, as though I spoke to you in God's stead—'Be comforted, for the child is not dead but liveth.' And I know, too, that if Nathaniel stood here in my place, he'd say to you—'Don't shed another tear—don't mourn for me another hour, mother. It's well with your boy—better even than all your love could make it.' And Mrs. Trueman, you know, too, that much as you loved Nathaniel, he's gone where he's loved deeper and better than he is even in *your* heart."

"Mother broke right out into a sob, then,

and it's the first tear she's shed since that dreadful day. 'I know it, Parson Willette,' she said; but oh, my poor heart aches and cries for my boy, and I can't give him up.'

"You haven't got to give him up. God is going to give you back our dear Nathaniel in a little while, and you'll have him forever. Think of what that means!"

Lucy was crying so that she could hardly get through with the Parson's speech, and both her auditors kept her company.

"I think it sunk deep into mother's heart," continued Lucy, after a little silence; I've sort of felt she was pondering on what the Parson said, although there hasn't seemed any outward change. And he said, too, that Nathaniel would be growing in this brief separation in all the beautiful and lovely qualities which drew our hearts to him, and that he would want those he loved to grow too, and that sinking under any grief was not the way to do this."

"Oh, that must have touched the heart of your mother. You may depend, Lucy, it'll do her good, whether she seems to mind it now or not," said Mrs. Palmer, betwixt her tears.

And then they passed another half hour talking over all that was lovely in the life of Nathaniel Trueman, and telling anecdotes of him which they all hoarded like precious treasures in their memory. And then Lucy rose hastily, saying that her mother would miss her if she was gone longer.

Mrs. Palmer sent some particularly tempting pears, and a small china tureen of very dainty broth, which she had prepared for the invalid the day before, and Lucy departed, feeling that her visit had done her good.

A minute later, the door was burst wide open, and Deacon Palmer came into the room, his face full of some joyous excitement that seemed almost more than he could contain—

"Mother!—Grace! Cornwallis is taken!" he cried.

Grace bounded from her chair to his side.

"Oh, father, is it true?" she cried, white for joy.

"True as the gospel, my child. The news come straight. The Lord has arisen for the deliverance of his people. The war has had its death."

Even while he spoke, the bells struck up the joyful tidings; they heard the guns firing for joy of the victory. That swift, silent march of Washington had done its work—a work from which not even the ravaged coast of Connecti-

cut had diverted him. The final blow had been struck.

"Oh, my beautiful, precious, free country!" exclaimed Grace, betwixt her jets of happy tears.

"Thank God, daughter, that you live to speak those words—that we live to see this hour, the happiest of my life," said her father.

The next moment, Grace bounded from the house to the front gate—

"Lucy—Lucy Trueman! come back here!" she shouted to her friend, who was not quite out of sight.

And Lucy came back in mute wonder at the changed face and tones of Grace. She was seized by the arm and dragged unceremoniously into the house.

"Tell her the news, father."

And hearing it, the face of Lucy Trueman sprang out of shadow again.

"Even mother will be glad now!" she said, a little while later, as she started for home the second time.

"And tell her that Nathaniel helped to buy this day for us," added Deacon Palmer.

Of the day and the night that followed, with its ringing of bells, its blazing of bonfires on a thousand hills, who shall write fitly?

After seven years, the people held jubilee through all the land—a free people—a people who had bought with their best blood the great price of liberty.

And amid all the joy for her redeemed country which Grace felt at that time, and despite the patriotism which had proved itself with her so disinterested and pure, feelings of a personal character gave a deeper coloring to her gladness—feelings that she hid in her own heart until very late that night, when the tide of jubilant friends and neighbors had flowed out of the front door, and Grace found herself alone a moment with her father. She went up to him, laid her head on his shoulder, and whispered softly—

"Edward will be coming home before a great while, father?"

"I think he will. God has been very good to us, my little daughter." And he kissed her.

"God has been very good to us," sang the heart of Grace Palmer, as she went up stairs to her room that night.

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physical essays; and now we read an eloquent defence of the minute investigation of Nature's works from the pen of one of the most vigorous of thinkers and poetical of writers now living. Turning to the book world, we find heaps of modern works specially devoted to natural history, adapted to all ages and tastes, while in other volumes of a more general character we notice an increased fidelity in the description of natural scenery, plants, and animals. Modern art is essentially naturalistic. The little band of youthful enthusiasts who astonished learned art-critics some few years ago with their crude but beautiful works have carried all before them. Casting aside scholastic canons, they resolved to be guided by nature alone, to paint all things from life, and to bestow the same amount of pains-taking on the great and small. Pre-Raphaelitism can now be scarcely said to exist as a distinct school of art; but the majority of our modern painters, including some of its bitterest opponents, have adopted its fundamental principle, and have gained strength by patiently studying the beautiful minutiae of nature.

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THE WATER GARDEN.

Many of our readers are, doubtless, acquainted with that interesting botanical experiment of growing an acorn in water, which has been christened "the acorn tree." In country places these delicate little sprouting oaks are very favorite parlor ornaments, but we rarely catch a glimpse of them in town apartments, where their presence would be particularly desirable. An acorn tree can be grown in a common wide-mouthed phial, but more conveniently in a white hyacinth glass, which may be procured from a florist for a few

"My little boy called to me when I left home, 'Mother, you'll bring pa back, won't you?' and I said, 'Yes, Tommy, I'll be sure to bring him,' and now when I go back alone he'll stretch out his hands and ask me for him the first thing, and how can I tell my boy that he is fatherless!" She said this lifting up her pitiful face to Grace, who had never seen her before.

And a little way from this woman knelt another, with her hands clasped over a mutilated form which that morning had been her husband.

"He called back to me as he went out this morning, 'Now, Nancy, keep up a brave heart, and expect me back with good news and a first rate appetite for supper.' And I waited long past supper time but he didn't come—oh he didn't come!" passionately sobbed the broken-hearted woman.

And this, oh reader, was what the fathers and mothers suffered to purchase our birth-right of liberty. Grace had taken no thought for herself from the moment she left her father's door. Every other feeling had been absorbed in sympathy for Mrs. Trueman, who had scarcely spoken during the journey. Mrs. Trueman and Grace had simultaneously staggered back at the sickening spectacle which met their eyes when they first entered the fort, but in a few minutes the mother stepped forward and made a sign to Grace. A man who stood near passed a couple of torches to the women, and they commenced their search. Mrs. Trueman went first and Grace followed. One by one they searched—one by one. The glare of the torches dropped on each dead face a moment and then passed by, until it reached the last! Then Mrs. Trueman turned to Grace, and there came almost a smile to her white lips—

"Nathaniel is not among them!" she said, and as the awful dread lifted itself from her heart, Grace wondered if the mother rejoiced more than she did.

The early dawn once more looked in at Fort Griswold, when tidings were brought that the wounded men had been conveyed to the foot of the hill on which the fort stood. Mrs. Trueman and Grace hurried thither, both with unspoken fears in their hearts.

Sixty wounded men had passed that long night of anguish together under one roof, with no hand to relieve, nor voice, save their own groans, to soothe their sufferings. The men lay as they had been carelessly tossed in here by the enemy, after being plundered.

In one of the rooms to the right lay, a little apart from the others, the slender figure of a young man; the face was turned towards the east, whence the light would be sure to come. It was a face that once seeing you would never have forgotten, but would have turned back to look at again and again amongst all those faces. A smile of singular, I had almost said awful sweetness, lingered on the still lips, and seemed to shed its peace over all the thin, beautiful face. The long brown hair clustered thick about it. There was no trace of violence on the features, only a deep wound near the breast; and at midnight out of that wound had gone peacefully the life of Nathaniel Trueman! Mrs. Trueman and Grace entered the room together. Their eyes fell upon the face turned smilingly to the east. It needed no second glance to tell that story, which sooner or later is all that can be told of any of us.

"He is dead!" said under her breath a woman who had followed the two.

"Sh—sh—" Mrs. Trueman turned round and smiled at the woman, a smile which made Grace shut her eyes when she saw it. "You'll wake my boy," she said, "he isn't dead, he's only gone to sleep!"

That first shock had been too much for the poor mother! She sat down on the floor—she smoothed the brown hair softly away from the cold cheeks, with just the look of a mother watching over her sleeping infant.

"My pretty boy!" she murmured, "how sweet he smiles; he always had jest that trick of smilin' in his sleep! How I've sat by his cradle and watched it for the hour together, until he looked so beautiful I'd grow almost afraid he'd take wings suddenly and fly away. He looks as if he might now, don't he, Grace?"

There came no answer, only a low sob. Mrs. Trueman looked up, and seeing Grace's tears she moved uneasily—

"Don't cry, Gracie," she said, "My boy isn't dead as they called him. Don't you see he's only gone to sleep!"

"Mrs. Trueman," said Grace, and her tears were still, "*Nathaniel sleeps in God.*"

The truth seemed to flash upon Mrs. Trueman's mind. She drew 'down her cheek to Nathaniel's, put her arms about him—

"Oh, my boy," she murmured, "wont you let your mother come and sleep with you?"

A little later, when they went to remove the two, they found the mother lying unconscious, with her arms wrapped tight about her dead son.

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CHAPTER XXV.

Nearly seven weeks later Grace Palmer, wiping the breakfast dishes one morning, paused a moment, threw open the kitchen window and looked out. It was a fine morning in the late October, with a keen sharp air which had a touch of the frost in it. She drank in the pungent odor of pine, and sassafras, and sweet fern, with a pleasant seasoning from the sea. She saw how the maples had burned and the chestnuts paled when the frost walked in the night among them, and the golden rod flamed by the farm fences.

The girl's thoughts went back as she gazed over the last seven weeks. They had been very busy ones for the family of Deacon Palmer. The friends who had found hospitable cheer under their roof, on that awful sixth of September, had mostly remained with them until they could find or return to their friends.

Their numbers had contracted gradually, until the only one who remained now was the old woman who had evinced so much anxiety for the safety of her "chimbley corner;" but this had not escaped the general conflagration; so the Deacon had generously offered her his, and the old woman had settled herself there in the placid contentment of second childhood.

"Grace," said a low, sad voice, at the girl's shoulder. She turned quickly, to meet the face of Lucy Trueman. She had come softly round by the side-door, and the girl had not been in the house since *that* night.

"Oh, Lucy, I'm glad to see you." All Grace felt at the moment was not in her words, but it was in her face.

"The doctor said I mustn't stay in the house another day," said the girl, "without taking the air, so I thought I'd step in a minute, Grace."

She was not the Lucy Trueman of old, with her arch, pretty ways, and breaks of laughter that lighted your heart. The spring was gone out of her voice and step, and the shadow of a great sorrow had fallen on the bright face.

In a grief such as Lucy's had been, one always feels the weakness and limitation of words. Grace did not touch it with these first, but she kissed Lucy, and held her hand in a tender caressing which had its language.

"I was thinking just that yesterday, that you'd certainly get sick if you kept in the house so close, and was going over this afternoon, to force you into a walk with me."

At that moment Mrs. Palmer came in with an apronful of late squashes she had just gathered.

"Well, Lucy, I declare I'm beat!" was her

homely welcome; but her voice made it a very cordial one; and she took off her sunbonnet, and emptied the squashes on the table.

"How is your mother, Lucy?" sitting down close by the girl.

"There don't seem to be much change, Mrs. Palmer. She hasn't set up for the last two days, only to have her bed made, and don't seem to take any interest in the world. I can't rouse her only to talk about—you know."

The tears glistened in the eyes of both listeners.

"I should have been over yesterday afternoon, if the shower hadn't come up just as I got through with cheese pressin'. I'm still in hopes she'll be more reconciled."

"I've almost given up hope," continued Lucy, wiping the great tears from her cheeks; but Parson Willetts says he hasn't. He comes to see mother every day, and you ought to hear his prayers and how he talks. It just lifts one right up from this world. He told mother he didn't believe that if Nathaniel had been his own son he could have felt his death more. You know he studied with the Parson for the last three years, and Nathaniel was so much attached to him."

"Can't he say something to comfort your mother, Lucy?" asked Mrs. Palmer.

"Oh, you'd think he *must*, if you were to hear him talk. He said to her yesterday that she had cause for thankfulness above most mothers—that we could none of us tell what sorrow or darkness might have been Nathaniel's portion if he had lived; but now we were certain he had got beyond the reach of any possible pain or harm; and that good and happy as he was on earth, he was better and happier now."

"Mrs. Trueman," said he, 'it's a great thing to have such a noble, beautiful youth as Nathaniel to give back to God, who first gave him to you. When I think of the clear evidence he left of his beautiful Christian life, crowned by his noble death, I feel as if I could come to you and say, as though I spoke to you in God's stead—'Be comforted, for the child is not dead but liveth.' And I know, too, that if Nathaniel stood here in my place, he'd say to you—'Don't shed another tear—don't mourn for me another hour, mother. It's well with your boy—better even than all your love could make it.' And Mrs. Trueman, you know, too, that much as you loved Nathaniel, he's gone where he's loved deeper and better than he is even in *your* heart.'

"Mother broke right out into a sob, then,

and it's the first tear she's shed since that dreadful day. 'I know it, Parson Willetts, she said; but oh, my poor heart aches and cries for my boy, and I can't give him up.'

"You haven't got to give him up. God is going to give you back our dear Nathaniel in a little while, and you'll have him forever. Think of what *that* means!"

Lucy was crying so that she could hardly get through with the Parson's speech, and both her auditors kept her company.

"I think it sunk deep into mother's heart," continued Lucy, after a little silence; I've sort of felt she was pondering on what the Parson said, although there hasn't seemed any outward change. And he said, too, that Nathaniel would be growing in this brief separation in all the beautiful and lovely qualities which drew our hearts to him, and that he would want those he loved to grow too, and that sinking under any grief was not the way to do this."

"Oh, *that* must have touched the heart of your mother. You may depend, Lucy, it'll do her good, whether she seems to mind it now or not," said Mrs. Palmer, betwixt her tears.

And then they passed another half hour talking over all that was lovely in the life of Nathaniel Trueman, and telling anecdotes of him which they all hoarded like precious treasures in their memory. And then Lucy rose hastily, saying that her mother would miss her if she was gone longer.

Mrs. Palmer sent some particularly tempting pears, and a small china tureen of very dainty broth, which she had prepared for the invalid the day before, and Lucy departed, feeling that her visit had done her good.

A minute later, the door was burst wide open, and Deacon Palmer came into the room, his face full of some joyous excitement that seemed almost more than he could contain—

"Mother!—Grace! Cornwallis is taken!" he cried.

Grace bounded from her chair to his side.

"Oh, father, is it true?" she cried, white for joy.

"True as the gospel, my child. The news come straight. The Lord has arisen for the deliverance of his people. The war has had its death."

Even while he spoke, the bells struck up the joyful tidings; they heard the guns firing for joy of the victory. That swift, silent march of Washington had done its work—a work from which not even the ravaged coast of Connecti-

cut had diverted him. The final blow had been struck.

"Oh, my beautiful, precious, *free* country!" exclaimed Grace, betwixt her jets of happy tears.

"Thank God, daughter, that you live to speak those words—that we live to see this hour, the happiest of my life," said her father.

The next moment, Grace bounded from the house to the front-gate—

"Lucy—Lucy Trueman! come back here!" she shouted to her friend, who was not quite out of sight.

And Lucy came back in mute wonder at the changed face and tones of Grace. She was seized by the arm and dragged unceremoniously into the house.

"Tell her the news, father."

And hearing it, the face of Lucy Trueman sprang out of shadow again.

"Even mother will be glad now!" she said, a little while later, as she started for home the second time.

"And tell her that Nathaniel helped to buy this day for us," added Deacon Palmer.

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pence. In order to form one of these trees, take a ripe acorn, and, having removed its cup, steep it for a day or two in rain water, or let it lie among some damp moss. Then tie a thread round it, and suspend it in the hyacinth glass from a piece of cork or card-board, which must be made to fit the mouth of the glass so tightly as to exclude the air. The acorn should hang about a quarter of an inch above the surface of the rain water, with which the glass is to be half filled. In a few weeks the acorn will begin to sprout, and the whole process of its germination may be observed through the transparent sides of the glass vessel. As soon as the leaves reach the cork, another arrangement must be adopted. The hole through which the thread passed must be widened, in order that the leaves may be pushed through it. The young plant must then be raised and re-suspended, so that its rootlets just touch the water. The tree will continue to grow, and will flourish for three or four years if proper care be taken to cleanse its roots from fungi, and to change the water whenever it becomes slimy or turbid. A horse-chestnut may be grown in a similar manner.

We have often thought that this mode of growing plants in water might be carried out on a much larger scale with every chance of success, and that a host of flowers might be added to the hyacinths and crocuses, which now form almost the sole ornaments of our water garden. We have repeatedly grown tulips, snowdrops, and other bulbous plants in saucers filled with damp moss, and have thus procured some charming ornaments for the sideboard and breakfast-table; but we have never yet attempted to cultivate plants with fibrous roots in this manner. A well-known naturalist has lately directed our attention to a very old book, which contains an account of an extended series of experiments on the growth of all kinds of plants in water. It is entitled, "A Flower Garden for Gentlemen and Ladies; or, the Art of Raising Flowers without Trouble, to Blow in full Perfection in the Depth of Winter, in a Bed-chamber, Closet, or Dining-room." From this strange old book we will take the liberty of making such extracts as are likely to interest the in-door naturalist, to whom we must leave the task of verifying the statements which they contain.

"I flatter myself," says our quaint author, "that the following improvement in the delightful art of gardening, as it has hitherto escaped the thought of the curious, will meet with no unwelcome reception, it being a con-

trivance to divert the ingenious, in a place and at a time they cannot be otherwise furnished with those pleasing objects of delight; that is, to raise many sorts of flowers in a chamber, in the greatest smoke of London, and in the midst of winter, and to have them blow in full perfection within twelve days of Christmas, as I had myself in the last Christmas past.

"I shall run into no extravagances, and only give the reader what I performed with very little trouble, leaving the improvement thereof to better understandings."

After having described his early experiments, in which he succeeded in raising tulips, snowdrops, crocuses, and other plants in large basins filled with good garden mould, he arrives at the conclusion that earth can be entirely dispensed with, and that the plants may be made to flourish in water alone.

"I resolved to trust to the effects of water only," he continues, "that is, without earth, which would be a much neater and cleaner way, and might be more acceptable to the curious of the fair sex, who must be highly pleased to see a garden growing, and exposing all the beauties of its spring flowers, with the most delicious perfumes thereof, in their chambers or parlors—a diversion worthy the entertainment of the most ingenious; but yet farther, to bring this to a more profitable use by raising young salads in the same place, and all with very little trouble or charge.

"I bought some dozens of flint tumbler glasses of the Germans, who cut them prettily and sell them cheap. I bought them from whole pints to halves and quarters. These glasses are wide at the top, and are made tapering to the bottom, which renders them very convenient for this use. I likewise bought some glass basins as large as I could get, and took care to choose them also tapering from top to bottom; then I fitted pieces of cork, about half an inch thick, to the inside of the tops of the glasses, which could not sink far in, by reason of the glasses being less all the way from the top to the bottom, as aforesaid. In these corks I cut holes proportional to the roots which I designed to place upon them. Some glasses would hold two roots, some but one, and some three or four. The corks on the basins had many less holes cut in them, in order to place on them a number of smaller roots, which might blow together with the more splendor. Being thus prepared, which was all my charge and trouble that way, my next business was to get the flower roots. A little before Michaelmas I accordingly made a

small collection of polyanthus and narcissus roots, several sorts of hyacinth, tulips, crocuses, daffs, jonquils, &c., all large blowing roots, or the labor of rearing them would have been lost.

These I placed upon corks in glasses proper to their size, the crocuses on the corks in the basins, that they might, being of various colors, blow together, to make the more pleasing object. Before I placed these dry roots on the corks I filled the glasses and basins only just to the bottom of the corks, so that the bottoms of the bulbs would but just touch the water, of which I take the Thames water to be the best, as being strongly impregnated with prolific matter, like rich earth well manured for corn or garden use." (In the present day the richness of the Thames water would probably prove fatal to the success of these experiments.)

"My dry roots being thus placed in my windows, some of them even with the panes, others with their tops only even with the bottom of the sash, which, by the way, I kept always shut, because my glasses hindered the opening of the casement; but, doubtless, a little air in very fine weather, when the wind was only in the south or west, and when there was no frost, would have been very advantageous to the plants. I took particular care that no water should be filled up to wet any more than just the bottoms of the bulbous roots; for that would certainly have rotted them, and have destroyed all my hopes.

"In a few days after I had placed my spring flower-roots on the corks over the water, they threw out their white fibrous roots strongly into the water, which was a most diverting pleasure to behold. The whole process of that germination (if I may so call it) was visible through the glass. When the glasses were pretty well filled with these fibrous roots—that is, when there were enough to draw sufficient strength for the nourishment of the leaves, stalks, and flowers—the green buds first appeared, which soon shot into leaves, and the stalks with the flower-buds soon followed, all as strong, or, I may say, rather stronger than the garden does afford. They grew so fast, and yet with a full strength, that I had polyanthuses and narcissuses blowing out in perfection before Christmas day, with all their perfection of color and perfume. Several hyacinths followed them in the same manner.

The crocuses would have been equally early, but I could not get any roots to my mind till some time after Michaelmas, which occasioned their being later than the rest of their companions. I at last met with the large roots of

the great blue crocus, which blows late, and very often not at all. The yellow crocus and the white-striped, or very pale blue, are the forwardest, and the best to be chosen for our use.

"At a time when the gardens are divested of all their beauty this early production will supply the curious ladies with most agreeable perfumes for their chambers and parlors, and with nosegays to adorn their bosoms at Christmas, when they dress their houses with evergreens. It must be remembered that the rooms in which this gardening is carried on must have fires in them every day, as I had in my chamber, which was kept with reasonable warmth all the day and evening, but not in the night. These exceedingly forward rarities are certainly most grateful to the exterior senses; but this leads me to a more useful fact: namely, that by the same means you can produce, as early as you please, something that may be acceptable to the taste and nourishing to the microcosm, or little world—the body; that is to say, that you can raise fine young salads in the coldest part of winter, in any warm room, as aforesaid, and very near after the same manner."

Our author grows eloquent upon the subject of salads, and speaks lovingly of the virtues of scraped horseradish and young cabbage sprouts, which he added to his chamber-grown luxuries. The pleasures of the table had evidently great attractions for him. One more extract, and we have done:—

"All fibrous roots will grow and blow in these glasses, and it is much better for their lasting in bloom than putting out flowers in flower-pots, which usually decay in four or five days, when those on the glasses will keep blowing for a month. I have had all this Christmas great double daisies, red and white primroses, and striped polyanthuses, in full, fair, and sweet blooms, flourishing upon my glasses in as much perfection as they would have done in the garden in summer; and by this means the chamber garden may be continued all the year round, not to be destroyed by heat or cold, by wind, nor by any inclemency of the air; and these glasses give a full and most delightful view of vegetation in all its progressions. You here behold the great Creator's all-wise directions in the course of nature, and see wonderful things produced from very weak and small beginnings."

We have been much gratified with the perusal of this quaint volume, and we are convinced that the extracts we have selected indicate a fresh and delightful path of study for the in-door naturalist.

Confession of a Student.

The following remarkable letter we find in the "Independent," addressed to the editor. Its perusal will set mere book devourers—those who are always taking in, but never giving out—to thinking in the right direction.

Mr. Editor: I read your sermons in *The Independent*, and a sentence in one of them has filled me with self-abasement. Your doctrine is, *He who receives is bound to give*. I have just passed the "grand climacteric" of life, and have lived these sixty-three years as a semi-recluse. My father had money enough to supply all my wants, because all my wants were comprised in one word—books.

In a large and retired family, I was my father's favorite daughter, and he allowed me to become a book-eater. I read every new publication of interest that my time would allow, and all my time was my own. I permitted no one to direct or hinder me, and cared not who criticised me. I rambled much among the libraries of my favorites, Philadelphia and New Haven, but visited so few friends, and worked so little for the poor, and watched so little with the sick, that my life was one breathless chase after mere mental self-sustenance. As a woman, I suppose I have a heart, but my intellect seems to have eaten it up. Scholarship has been my idolatry, not so much for the fame of it as for its agreeable self-absorption. My first ambition was languages, and I tried Latin, Greek, French, Russian, German and Italian. I have read some of their historians and poets. Dante's *Inferno*, Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and Shakespeare's *Tempest*, I nearly committed to memory. For the last forty years it has been my habit to run over the best articles in *The Edinburgh Review* and *London Times*. Of my own countrymen, I prefer Prescott, Bryant, and Longfellow; and of our female authors, I most relish Mrs. Stowe and Miss Sedgwick.

I do now with grief confess, that I have been a gormandizer of books. It seems as if I am now a mere conglomerate, *wholly made up of others*. I am they. I wonder if any of my original personal identity is left! I am afraid that in another world each author who has enriched my mind will come and take from me what he gave, and thus leave me poor indeed! Perhaps they all would say, "Why did you not do unto others as we did to you? Could you not find any ignorant and necessitous whom you could benefit? What apology have you to

offer to the ten thousand uncultivated whom you could have enlightened?"

Mr. Editor: From my inmost heart I cannot help feeling that the condemnations of your sermon fall upon me here. *He who receives is bound, in his time and measure, to give*. This maxim is common sense, Christian politics, and Gospel truth, binding on every grade of ability. You quote that sacred (yet to me damning) text, (Prov. iii. 27,) "Withhold not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thy hand to do it." For more than fifty years I have hoarded knowledge with a miser's greed, and during that time have distributed next to nothing to the necessities of the ignorant or the young! I have never written or published a review of any book I ever read! I have passed a life of intense intellectual selfishness; and now I feel that my accumulations are so many witnesses against me. In my abysmal mortification and regret, I begin to rank myself among the first-class pirates! In the beginning of my course I acted from the worthy desire of improving my mind and increasing my happiness. The intellectual appetite strengthened every time it was gratified; and the more I hungered, the more I ate, forgetting, alas! that the whole of life does not consist in eating.

Oh! it is a mistake, an awful mistake, an inexcusable mistake, *to live for one's self*. Nature's doctrine and the Gospel's doctrine is, "Be ready to distribute, willing to communicate." The lake that turns the mill-wheel keeps healthy by its outlettings. I have denied myself through life the happiness of giving. I cannot now excuse myself for not translating and publishing some of the noble works which have appeared in Germany and Russia and France, or for not taking the place of head in some female college, or orphan charitable society, or city mission. I now think of half a dozen ways in which my talents and attainments might have been employed to strengthen the risen and mold the rising generation; yet, woe is me, I have neglected them all.

Mr. Editor: It is with acutest heart-pain that I have written the above. I write thus not to ask your advice or your opinion. I need neither. I write that I may warn every young lady throughout my country *not to do as I have done*. My young sisters, choose some department in human life according to your talents and taste, and then study and labor for its advancement in knowledge, virtue, and happiness; *thus you will live best for yourselves by living most out of yourselves*.

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The Selfish.

BY H. R. C.

The worst of it is with selfish persons, they never know they are selfish. This is the most incurable symptom in their case—if they yield a little to others, they have no idea but what they cover the whole ground. They do not know how often they trample upon the rights and privileges of those about them, because they never think of them, and *not* to think of others, which is sometimes made an excuse by the selfish, is the very essence of all selfishness. They do not know that they expose themselves by the very refuge behind which they attempt to hide.

Another distinguishing feature of selfish persons is, that they accept the sacrifices of others without knowing that any have been made for them, so completely absorbed are they by self.

By these marks ye may know them.

The Good we Lose.

BY HELEN R. CUTLER.

"Give me a subject to write about," I asked of a young friend.

"Take a kernel of corn," she said, bestowing a handful in the popper and shaking it over the coals.

In a minute it was converted into a snowy mass ten times its former bulk, beautiful to the eye as well as delicious to the taste.

"Would it not seem like magic," I said, "to one unacquainted with the nature of the process, to see these insignificant looking grains burst suddenly forth into beautiful white blossoms? Would it not excite the wonder of the king of Siam as much as the fact that water could be made to become solid like rock, which he did not believe?"

How many beautiful and wonderful things pass under our eyes every day, but which custom has so familiarized we give them no heed. The most beautiful and curious phenomena scarcely excite in us an emotion of pleasure or a feeling of wonder. We go groping with our half closed eyes fixed in the dust at our feet, when we might feast them with glory and beauty.

The sublime panorama of the sky, to a mind attuned aright, would be ever pleasing, ever new. And what delight the variety the earth presents might afford us, in its summer carpet of green, begemmed with a countless variety of flowers; or in winter's robe of spotless white,

sometimes by the jeweler seen bestrewn with countless gems of the most gorgeous and delicate dyes, the diamond, the opal, and all precious stones.

And not only do we neglect what is pleasing in our daily life, but we do not set a sufficient value upon our substantial blessings. Instead of trying to make the most of them by a process analogous to popping the corn, expanding and beautifying them, and by a mental alchemy transmitting even evils to blessings; like the bees of Trebizond, gathering honey from poisonous flowers, we reverse the process, sucking poison from the fairest.

We look at our privileges through the little end of the telescope, making them appear small and distant, while we hug and magnify our disadvantages, rolling all that is bitter and unpleasant in our pathway like a sweet morsel under our tongues.

Loved and Lost.

BY ARTHUR FORREST VERNE.

It was in the snowy winter,
When the moon was pure and bright,
That I loved a winsome maiden,
Lovely as the morning light.

If the fair beyond the River,
Ever leave their pearly strand,—
If the angels of Beulah
Ever leave their flowery land,

And consent awhile to tarry,
'Mid the sorrowing ones of earth—
She was of that radiant number,
First for whom my love had birth.

All my soul was hushed in loving,
Save a wild celestial thrill
That was ever thro' it stealing,
And would never more be still.

All my soul was lost in loving
Her, the pure, the gentle one,
And it never dreamed an instant
It would e'er be left alone.

But I'm eating bitter ashes,
Out on sorrow's dreary plain,
For she's gone up to the Country
Of the Beautiful again.

It was in the dreamy summer,
'Neath a sad and moonless sky,
That I parted with my darling,
And I spake a last good-bye.

She has crossed the misty River,
She has touched the golden shore,
And in flowery Beulah
She is floating as of yore.

Home Heroism.

As an instance of long and patient self-denial, we give the case of a grandfather and grand-daughter, who are, at the moment of our writing, living together in the strictest seclusion, he receiving and she bestowing, all the 'care that a mother could give a child. This aged gentleman is verging on his ninetyeth year, having passed beyond, not only the "three score and ten," but the "four score" years appointed as the span of man on earth. That "labor and sorrow" which is the pre-ordained lot of those who are thus spared beyond the ordinary limits of human existence make life a burden to him, and often does he wish that the day which rises upon him, on earth, may close upon him in Heaven. The young and healthy, rejoicing in their vigorous and enjoyable energies, can with difficulty be made to comprehend a title of what distressing debility of body and prostration of mind which are the saddest afflictions of protracted years. The snow-covered head, the brow with its deep-furrowed wrinkles, the eye filled with rheum overflowing down the living channels time dug in their corners; that eye from which the light of day is all but gone, too dim to distinguish between the features of stranger or of child, the hearing lost except to the exertions of a most fatiguing utterance, the powers of mastication gone, the appetite not to be tempted, the emaciated body wasted and shrunk to attenuation, the tottering and enfeebled limbs, unable to sustain their frail weight, the shuffling foot, unequal to the task of lifting itself from the earth, and perhaps above all, the wrinkled hands, with their cordage of dark veins and crumpled folds, nerveless even to the looping of a button—these are but a few of the outward signs of decaying life of which the endurance is "labor and sorrow" as it waits for its extinction in the grave. We constantly bless God for our "creation;" to bless Him for taking the life He gave is a "hard saying;" nevertheless, it is as much a mercy at His own appointed time. Surely, like many other of our fellow creatures' sorrows, permitted to teach us thankfulness, these rare instances of protracted life are allowed to warn us from the craving for an overlengthened term of sojourn upon earth.

The condition of this aged gentleman would, indeed, be forlorn, were it not for the companionship of his grand-daughter. When a child, she would creep into his arms, and weep

away her little griefs upon his shoulder, while his age was green, and his faculties unimpaired. Time passed on, and sorrowful changes came over his large family. His wife dropped into the grave full of years. Of many sons and daughters, some preceded and some followed her to her final resting-place; and of those who survived the last, having formed new ties, left the parental roof. It was at this juncture that his youthful grand-daughter came to take up her abode with him, having been left an orphan, with one other sister.

The fate of these two girls has been, up to this moment, widely different. The one in her fresh youth went out to India in the hey-day spirits of hopeful and enjoyable energy. The anticipation was delightful, and the realization equal to the promise, which is saying much for anything in this world. The pleasure of preparation, the gratification of choosing the necessary articles of an expensive outfit, the excitement of the voyage, the luxurious idleness, the sociability and conviviality, the dance on deck at night, with the merry music breaking over the still waters, and the moon throwing a trail of silver ripples down on the sea's surface, the exquisite changes of novelty, all rendered her new life only too charming, as contrasted with the quiet reserve of the home she had left behind; not to mention the austerity of the grave, and sometimes even reproving uncles and aunts, who had often thought it their duty to read her severe homilies on the frivolities of a spirit too gay for a serious home and household. She had gone, however, while her younger sister remained to share and lighten the loneliness of the old man's deserted dwelling.

No one ever saw a sign of regret in the face of the young grand-daughter, as she pursued "the even tenor of her way." Each day was a counterpart of the last; and so time went on until the news arrived of the splendid wedding of her sister, emblazoned with vivid descriptions of the imposing glitter of oriental festivities. The military show, the extravagance of the dresses, the imposing titles, the multitude of domestics, with their dark skins and striking costumes, the rich bridal presents, the innumerable parties, the union of indolent luxury and high-sounding parade, clothed in that glowing description which is sometimes assumed to enhance the value of what is thus brilliantly told, too often exciting the envy of those who hear, came copiously. Every Indian mail brought accounts of enjoyments not to be understood in our own cold climate and still colder moral atmosphere.

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These glowing delineations came direct from their warm fountain-head to a little quiet home as opposite as the poles. They came like spirits of temptation; and, be it remembered, these are not always temptations to sin. The feeling is the stronger when we are lured to do what we wish without feeling ourselves repelled by a sense of wrong. No reproach could have attached to the light-hearted bride's young sister had she desired to share her exciting enjoyments and her brilliant prospects. Both were gifted with great personal attractions, and the woman who denies herself the admiration she might command merits far more than she loses. The old man's seclusion was almost solitude, and in its privacy his young granddaughter found herself bound to strict and daily duties; duties, too, growing more stringent as time passed, since he to whose life her own was now linked, every day became more and more enfeebled. She might have joined her sister at any moment of her life, but she never seemed to harbor the idea that such a surrender of what she deemed her duty could be possible. Doubtless that choice of her position rendered her fixity final. Remaining in that strictly regulated household, immured with an old man who had from a youth lived in religious seclusion, she was in fact surrendering all the bright charms that fascinate, the glowing imagination and the buoyant feelings of youth.

Gradually, the corporeal faculties of the grandfather waned away; his eye grew dim, and then it was her duty to become, as much as human substitution can, "sight to the blind." She must read to him, and this labor grew into no slight tax upon her strength as his hearing also failed, and greater and greater were the exertions needed for words to penetrate the dull barrier which was daily growing more impenetrable, dividing him from oral communication with his fellow creatures.

Then, too, the tottering steps became more and more enfeebled, as with dimmed eyes and dulled hearing the aged man attempted to take occasional exercise. Length of days had also tended to develop a tendency to asthma, and the suffocating breathing and harassing cough grew daily more distressing. In winter he was unable to venture abroad, and every year the cold seemed to linger longer, confining him more tenaciously to the house. Simultaneously with this constantly progressing decay of nature, his dependence on his grand-daughter seemed to increase. Every year his comforting and strengthening support was more and more

needed, as every year that imprisonment in the house grew longer, and the confinement more wearying. Friends ceased to visit, or abridged their calls within the shortest compass, for they felt that protracted age had a right to be exclusive.

Meanwhile the sister, after enjoying a career of gayety in India, replete with exhilarating pleasures and freedom from care amid scenes of intoxicating luxury and novelty, returned home to renew a life of enjoyment almost as vivid in England. An elegant house was prepared for her reception; she had an indulgent husband who anticipated every wish; blooming children, the liberty of a free expenditure, and a large participation in the gayeties of the world abroad, places of amusement in the season, parties, shoppings, dinners, balls, and all the *etcetera* of the gay world; with autumn wanderings into those haunts when fashion patronizes the beauties of nature, breaking the repose of her solitudes to impart to them her own attractions—these make up the life of their happy possessor, and a participation in these enjoyments is constantly being offered with affectionate earnestness to the secluded sister whose life was gliding away in so opposite a current.

And now, while we write, the first fresh bloom is fading from the cheek of this devoted grand-daughter, as the patriarchal years of her aged relative have accumulated on his hoary head. Night and day her cares are in requisition. Never does she lay her head upon her pillow without the dread of being called from it to witness the awful visitation of death; and daily, often in prostration of mind and exhaustion of body, does she continue those cares which custom as well as affection have rendered necessary to the aged invalid. Although in her brightest teens when she first entered on the task, the summers and winters that have come and gone, leaving their footprints between his seventieth and his ninetieth year, have stolen from her the best and brightest season of her life; that season when the zest of the heart makes every novelty a pleasure—novelty being that one enjoyment of all others denied to her most totally.

So much affectionate piety will not be without its reward, and we feel assured it will not be disputed that this is in truth one of the "Heroisms of Home."

MEX will wrangle for religion,

And for it their lives will give,

Write and fight to help maintain it—

Anything—but for it live.

H. R. C.

In Heaven.

BY CORAL MAR.

Shall we know the loved in Heaven?
To regain that peaceful clime
One hath left me standing lonely
On the mournful shore of Time.

Sad our parting—what shall follow?—
This to each remaineth now,
Unto *her* eternal gladness,
Unto *me* a life-long woe.

But, in all my desolation,
One sweet hope could make me blest—
“I shall find her—I shall *know* her,
Where the ransomed have their rest!”

Shall we know the loved in Heaven?
All in silence and in pain
I have answered to the greeting
Of a heart that loved in vain.

Vain—for here a gulf doth sever
Life-ways that should intertwine,
And a gulf of doubt and sadness
Widens 'twixt his heart and mine.

God is good—we do not murmur,
But we cannot stay this prayer—
“Guide us, Father, up to Heaven,
Let us know each other there.”

JUNE, 1862.

The Beloved Wife.

Only let a woman be sure that she is precious to her husband—not useful, not valuable, not convenient, simply, but lovely and beloved; let her be the recipient of his polite and hearty attentions; let her feel that her care and love are noticed, appreciated, and returned; let her opinion be asked, her approval sought, and her judgment respected in matters of which she is cognizant; in short, let her only be loved, honored and cherished in fulfilment of the marriage vow, and she will be to her husband, and her children, and society, a well-spring of pleasure. She will bear pain, and toil, and anxiety; for her husband's love is to her as a tower and a fortress. Shielded and sheltered therein, adversity will have lost its sting. She may suffer, but sympathy may dull the edge of her sorrow. A house with love in it—and by love, I mean love expressed in words, and looks, and deeds, for I have not one spark of faith in the love that never crops out—is to a house without love, as a person to a machine; the one is life, the other mechanism.

The unloved woman may have bread just as light, a house just as tidy as the other, but the latter has a spring of beauty about her, a joyousness, an aggressive, and penetrating, and pervading brightness, to which the former is a stranger. The deep happiness in her heart shines out in her face. She is a ray of sunlight in the house. She gleams all over it. It is airy, and gay, and graceful, and warm, and welcoming with her presence. She is full of devices, and plots, and sweet surprises for her husband and family. She has never done with the romance and poetry of life. She is herself a lyric poem, setting herself to all pure and gracious melodies. Humble household ways and duties have for her a golden significance. The prize makes the calling high, and the end dignifies the means. Her home is a paradise, not sinless, not painless, but still a paradise; for “Love is Heaven, and Heaven is Love.”

Lines

TO KATY, OF NORTH CAROLINA.

BY SARAH J. C. WHITTLESY.

Sweet Katy, the days are so lonely and long,
In sorrow and yearning I wait
To catch through the distance thy heart's loving
song,
Away in the old North State.

The shadows lie thick on the path that leads down
To the home of my earliest years,
And across it, dear Kate, with a funeral sound,
Is rolling a river of tears.

Oh, when will the channel be filled with the steel
That crashers have reddened with gore,
And the soft rays of roseate morning reveal
The Angel of Peace on the shore?

I'm weary of waiting, the wheels are so slow
That bear us along to the goal,
And the tide of my spirits is sometimes so low
I struggle awhile on a shoal.

I sit at the window and look to the South,
And dream of its blossoming wild,
And long for one word from the sweet, rosy mouth,
That sang me to sleep when a child.

I know not, alas! if those lips are yet red,
Sweet Katy, with life's ruby wine,
For long, weary months, in dumb silence have fled,
Between thy heart, Katy, and mine.

Oh, when will the shadows be lifted away
From the path that leads southward, sweet Kate,
And thy heart in warm olden words, soothingly
stray
Again from the old North State?

LAY SERMONS.

Into Good Ground.

"What did you think of the sermon, Mr. Braxton?" said one church member to another, as the two men passed from the vestibule of St. Mark's out into the lofty portico.

Mr. Braxton gave a slight shrug, perceived by his companion as a sign of disapproval. They moved along, side by side, down the broad steps to the pavement, closely pressed by the retiring audience.

"Strong meat," said the first speaker, as they got free of the crowd and commenced moving down the street.

"Too strong for my stomach," replied Mr. Braxton. "Something must have gone wrong with our minister when he sat down to write that discourse."

"Indigestion, perhaps."

"Or neuralgia," said Mr. Braxton.

"He was in no amiable mood—that much is certain. Why, he set nine-tenths of us over on the left hand side, among the goats, as remorselessly as if he were an avenging Nemesis. He actually made me shudder."

"That kind of literal application of texts to the living men and women in a congregation is not only in bad taste, but presumptuous and blasphemous. What right has a clergyman to sit in judgment on me, for instance? To give forced constructions to parables and vague generalities in Scripture, about the actual meaning of which divines in all ages have differed; and, pointing his finger to me or to you, say—'The case is yours, sir!' I cannot sit patiently under many more such sermons."

Mr. Braxton evidently spoke from a disturbed state of mind. Something in the discourse had struck at the foundations of self-love and self-complacency.

"Into one ear, and out at the other. So it is with me, in cases like this," answered Mr. Braxton's companion, in a changed and lighter tone. "If a preacher chooses to be savage; to write from dyspeptic or neuralgic states; to send his congregation, unshrived, to the nether regions—why, I shrug my shoulders and let it pass. Most likely, on the next Sunday, he will be full of consideration for tender consciences, and grandly shut the gate he threw open so widely on the last occasion. It would never answer, you know, to take these things to heart—never in the world. We'd always be getting into hot water. Clergymen have their moods, like other people. It doesn't answer to forget this. Good morning, Mr. Braxton. Our ways part here."

"Good morning," was replied, and the men separated.

But, try as Mr. Braxton would to set his minister's closely applied doctrine from Scripture to the account of dyspepsia or neuralgia, he was unable to push from his mind certain convictions wrought therein by the peculiar manner in which some positions had been argued and sustained. The subject taken by the minister, was that striking picture of the judgment given in the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, from the thirty-first verse to the close of the chapter, beginning: "When the Son of Man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory: and before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats." The passage concludes: "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal."

Now, although Mr. Braxton had complained of the literal application of this text, that term was hardly admissible, for the preacher waived the idea of a last general judgment, as involved in the letter of Scripture, and declared his belief in a spiritual signification as lying beneath the letter, and applicable to the inner life of every single individual at the period of departure from this world; adding, in this connection, briefly: "But do not understand me as in any degree waiving the strictness of judgment to which every soul will have to submit. It will not be limited by his acts, but go down to his ends of life—to his motives and his quality—and the sentence will really be a judgment upon what he *is*, not upon what he has *done*; although, taking the barest literal sense, only actions are regarded."

In opening and illustrating his text, he said, farther: "As the Word of God, according to its own declarations, is spirit and life—treats, in fact, by virtue of its divine and scriptural origin, of divine and spiritual things, must we not go beneath the merely obvious and natural meaning, if we would get to its true significance? Is there not a hunger of the soul as well as of the body? May we not be spiritually athirst, and strangers? naked, sick, and in prison? This being so, can we confidently look for the invitation, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father,' if our regard for the neighbor have not reached beyond his bodily life? If we have never considered his spiritual wants and sufferings, and ministered thereto according to our ability? Just in the degree that the soul is more precious than the body, is the degree of our responsibility under this more interior signification of Scripture. The mere natural acts of feeding the hungry and

giving water to the thirsty, of visiting the sick, and those who lie in prison, of clothing the naked and entertaining strangers, will not save us in our last day, if we have neglected the higher duties involved in the divine admonition. Nor will even the supply of spiritual nourishment to hungry and thirsty souls be accounted to us for righteousness. We must find a higher meaning still in the text. Are we not, each one of us, starving for heavenly food? spiritually exhausted with thirst? naked, sick, in prison? Are we eating, daily, of the bread of life? drinking at the wells of God's truth? putting on the garments of righteousness? finding balm for our sick souls in Gilead? breaking the bonds of evil? turning from strange lands, and coming back to our father's house? If not, I warn you, men and brethren, that you are not in the right way. That, taking the significance of God's Word, which is truth itself, there is no reasonable ground of hope for your salvation."

It was not with Mr. Braxton as with his friend. He could not let considerations like these enter one ear and go out at the other. From earliest childhood he had received careful instruction. Parents, teachers and preachers, had all shared in the work of storing his mind with the precepts of religion, and now, in manhood, his conscience rested on these and upon the states wrought therefrom in the impressible substance of his mind. Try as he would, he found the effort to push aside early convictions and early impressions a simple impossibility; and, notwithstanding these had been laid on the foundation of a far more literal interpretation of Scripture than the one to which he had just been listening, his maturer reason accepted the preacher's clear application of the law, and conscience, like an angel, went down into his heart, and troubled the waters which had been at peace.

Mr. Braxton was a man of thrift. He had started in life with a purpose, and that purpose he was steadily attaining. To the god of this world he offered daily sacrifice; and in his heart really desired no higher good than seemed attainable through outward things. Wealth, position, honor among men—these bounded his real aspiration. But prior things in his mind were continually reaching down and affecting his present states. He could not forget that life was short, and earthly possessions and honors but the things of a day. That as he brought nothing into this world, so he could take nothing out. That, without a religious life, he must not hope for heaven. In order to get free from the disturbing influence of these prior things, and to lay the foundations of a future hope, Mr. Braxton became a church member, and, so far as all Sabbath observances were concerned, a devout worshipper. Thus he made a truce with conscience, and conscience having gained so much, accepted for a period the truce, and left Mr. Braxton in good odor with himself.

A man who goes regularly to church, and reads

his Bible, cannot fail to have questions and controversies about truths, duties, and the requirements of religion. The barest literal interpretation of Scripture will, in most cases, oppose the action of self-love; and he will not fail to see in the law of spiritual life a requirement wholly in opposition to the law of natural life. In the very breadth of this literal requirement, however, he finds a way of escape from literal observance. To give to all who ask; to lend to all who would borrow; to yield the cloak when the coat is taken forcibly; to turn the left cheek when the right is smitten—all this is to him so evidently but a figure of speech, that he does not find it very hard to satisfy conscience. Setting these passages aside, as not to be taken in the sense of the letter, he does not find it very difficult to dispose of others that come nearer to the obvious duties of man to man—such, for instance, as that in the illustration of which, by the preacher, Mr. Braxton's self-complacency had been so much disturbed. He had never done much in the way of feeding the hungry, giving drink to the thirsty, clothing the naked, or visiting the sick and in prison—never done anything of set purpose, in fact. If people were hungry, it was mostly their own fault, and to feed them would be to encourage idleness and vice. All the other items in the catalogue were as easily disposed of; and so the literal duties involved might have been set forth in the most impassioned eloquence, Sabbath after Sabbath, without much disturbing the fine equipoise of Mr. Braxton. Alas for his peace of mind!—the preacher of truth had gone past the dead letter, and revealed its spirit and its life. Suddenly he felt himself removed, as it were, to an almost impossible distance from the heaven into which, as he had complacently flattered himself, he should enter by the door of mere ritual observances, when the sad hour came for giving up the delightful things of this pleasant world. No wonder that Mr. Braxton was disturbed—no wonder that, in his first convictions touching those more interior truths, which made visible the sandy foundations whereon he was building his eternal hopes, he should regard the application of doctrine as personal and even literal.

It was not so easy a thing to set aside the duty of ministering to the hungry, sick, and naked human souls around him, thousands of whom, for lack of spiritual nourishment, medicine and clothing, were in danger of perishing eternally. And the preacher, in dwelling upon this great duty of all Christian men and women, had used emphatic language.

"I give you," he said, "God's judgment of the case—not my own. 'Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these, ye did it not unto me. And these shall go away;' where? 'To everlasting punishment!' Who shall go thus, in the last day, from this congregation?"

As Mr. Braxton sat alone, on the evening of that Sabbath, troubled by the new thoughts which came

flowing into his mind, the full impression of this scene in church came back upon him. There was an almost breathless pause. Men leaned forward in their pews; the low, almost whispered, tones of the minister were heard with thrilling distinctness in even the remotest parts of the house.

"Who?" he repeated, and the stillness grew more profound. Then, slowly, impressively, almost sadly, he said:

"I cannot hide the truth. As God's ambassador, I must give the message; and it is this: If you, my brother, are not ministering to the wants of the hungry and thirsty, the stranger, the sick in prison, you are of those who will have to go away."

And the minister shut the Book, and sat down. If, as we have intimated, the preacher had limited Christian duty to bodily needs, Mr. Braxton would not have been much exercised in mind. He had found an easy way to dispose of these merely literal interpretations of Scripture. Now, his life was brought to the judgment of a more interior law, as expounded that day. It was in vain that he endeavored to reject the law; for the more he tried to do this, the clearer it was seen in the light of perceptive truth.

"God help me, if this be so!" he exclaimed, in a moment of more perfect realization of what was meant in the Divine Word. "Who shall stand in the judgment?"

For awhile he endeavored to turn himself away from convictions that were grounding themselves deeper and deeper every moment. To shut his eyes in wilful blindness, and refuse to see in the purer light which had fallen around him. But this effort only brought his mind into severer conflict, and consciously removed him to an almost fatal distance from the paths leading upward to the mountains of peace.

"This is the way, walk ye in it." A clear voice rose above the noise of strife in his soul, and his soul grew calm and listened. He no longer wrought at the fruitless task of rejecting the higher truths which were illustrating his mind, but let them flow in, and by virtue thereof examined the state of his inner life. Now it was that his eyes were in a degree opened, so that he could apprehend the profounder meanings of Scripture. The parables were flooded with new light. He understood, as he had never understood before, why the guest, unclothed with a wedding garment, was cast out from the feast; and why the door was shut upon the virgins who had no oil in their lamps. He had always regarded these parables as involving a hidden meaning—as intended to convey spiritual instruction under literal forms—but, now, they spoke in a language that applied itself to his inward state, and warned him that without a marriage garment, woven in the loom of interior life, where ends and motives rule, he could never be the King's guest; warned him that without the light of divine truth in his understanding, and the oil

of love to God and the neighbor in his heart, the door of the Kingdom would be shut against him. Ritual observances were, to these, but outward forms, dry husks, except when truly representative of that worship in the soul which subordinates natural affections to what is spiritual and divine.

At last the seed fell into good ground. Mr. Braxton had been a "way-side" hearer; but, ere the good seed had time to germinate, fowls came and devoured it. He had been a "stony-ground" hearer, receiving the truth with gladness, but having no root in himself. He had been as the ground choked with thorns, suffering the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches to choke and hinder the growth of heavenly life. Now, into good ground the seed had at last fallen; and though the evil one tried to snatch it away, its hidden life, moving to the earth's quick invitation, was already giving prophetic signs of thirty, sixty, or a hundred fold, in the harvest time.

Why was there good ground in the mind of Mr. Braxton? Good ground, even though he was wedded to external life; a self-seeker; a lover of the world? In the answer to this question lies a most important truth for all to whom God has committed the care of children. Unless good ground is formed, as it was in his case, by early instruction; by storing up in the memory and consciousness truths from the Bible and states of good affection; by weaving into the web and woof of the forming mind precepts of religion; there is small hope for the future. If these are not made a part of the forming life, things opposite will be received, and determine spiritual capabilities. Influx of life into the soul must be through prior things; as the twig is bent, the tree is inclined; as the child's memory and consciousness is stored, so will the man develop and progress. Take heart, then, doubting parent; if you have, in all faithfulness, woven precious truths, and tender, pious, unselfish states into the texture of your child's mind—though the fruit is not yet seen, depend on it, that the treasured remains of good and true things are there, and will not be lost. They are the means by which angels lead precious souls in the heavenly way.

T. S. A.

N. Y. Ledger.

TWO DIFFERENT WAYS.—The worldly way of greatness leads through self, and in self-seeking. God's way leads through the seeking of others' good—the good of the world—the good of mankind. The one makes self the aim and end; the other makes self merely the instrument of another and a higher end. Under the influence of a true ambition, one offers up his whole being, with all its forces, as a gift of God, to be used in his service. The one imprisons the soul, and gives it over to all servitude of the passions; the other ennobles it by bringing it to the love of nobler themes and things; and it works purity and magnanimity.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The Second Mother.

BY M. D. R. B.

Although not of right belonging to the "Mothers' Department," yet it may not be considered altogether beyond its limits, to urge the claims of that much abused and misrepresented class so often invidiously and disparagingly termed "step-mothers." If ever there ought to be words dropped out of use,—and it is an undoubted fact that fashion rules language no less than manners and dress, and causes certain words to become obsolete and "unfit for ears polite," which were once accepted in common parlance, and formed the current coin of the most polished circles,—I would like to expunge from our vocabularies and daily conversation, the terms "step-mother," and "old maid," as not only disagreeable, and, in the latter case, decidedly vulgar, but also satirizing some of the most estimable and useful members of society.

Granting that there have been ill-tempered and malicious women, who, having arrived at what is called a *certain* age, meaning I suppose an *uncertain* one, and becoming soured by disappointment, or rendered misanthropic by the loss of former tender ties, have made themselves unlovely and unloved in their own immediate neighborhood, is that any reason why each high-souled, self-devoted female who prefers a single life, a life of benevolence and virtue, to an ill-assorted imprudent match, or marriage of convenience, should be stigmatized with that opprobrious epithet? I repeat that it is an outrage on good taste; and it is time that woman should assert as one of "Woman's Rights," the honor and dignity of her sex in this particular instance; and make it a scandal and a shame to bandy about this odious designation. Enough has been written and printed in times that are past, "to point a moral or adorn a tale," about the selfishness, the scandal-mongering propensities, the love of dress and display, the little peculiarities, and other defects of character that have made stereotyped pictures of the sisterhood. Look in future at the FLORENCE NIGHTINGALES, not only on the Crimean battle fields, not only in the hospital at Scutari, but among the sick and wounded of our native land;—listen to the voice of a MARSH, impressing Bible truths on the hearts of British navvies, she the idol of those rugged, iron-visaged men;—absorb yourself enraptured in the enchanting pages of a MULOCK or a SEDGWICK, or—for the time would fail me to mention more of these honored worthies—peruse the immortal writings of a HANNAH MORE, whose pen "mightier than the sword," helped to put down riot and sedition among the oppressed poor, and also furnished them with a wholesome and entertaining literature,

by the publication of her cheap Repository Tracts. Who does not still read with feelings akin to reverence, the story of the venerable sisters of Barley Wood, so genial in their hospitalities, so alive to all the amenities of society?

In like manner—for this digression about single women is analogous to my subject—it has become so much the custom to hold forth to ridicule as the caricatures of fiction, the hated office of step-mother, that she who has with many misgivings and heart-shrinkings, accepted the place of "second mother" to the children of a family, often feels as if she were under the ban of society; and when she has fulfilled in the tenderest way her carefully performed duties,—burdensome only because the eye of suspicion is ever upon her,—how often is she chilled and insulted by the unfeeling remark made in her presence: "O, of course she cannot be expected to treat them as if they were her own; she is only their step-mother!"

Granting again that there have been and are still many bad step-mothers, so there have been unnatural fathers, mothers who have been monsters in human form, having ceased to have compassion on the babes they have cradled on their bosoms; shall therefore a part stand for a whole, or a few individuals typify a class? It is bringing a foul blot upon human nature to assert, that because the hapless little ones, who are bereft of a mother's care, are not "mine" as well as "thine," therefore they must be viewed with a jealous eye, as the offspring of a former love. She who is a true woman will take them at once to her heart of hearts, sharers in that affection which she feels for him who gave them into her tender keeping; and even as we most sedulously guard the property which another has entrusted to us, so should she watch over them, as one who must render an account.

Should she become herself a mother, her difficulties will greatly increase, especially if the spirit of insubordination already exists, and she has only in part succeeded in gaining the affections and confidence of her little charge. From the hour of its birth, her innocent babe is looked upon with dislike by those who have, as they suppose, the first right to the consideration and love of their father; and too often by their own misconduct they succeed in alienating themselves from him, and making the whole family a miserably divided one.

But this is undoubtedly the shady side of the picture. It suited very well with the "dark ages" of society, to represent the ancient step-mother as a ruthless tyrant, whose only aim seemed to be to get rid of her incumbrances as fast as she could, in order that her own offspring might succeed to their rights; but such is no longer the case. How many lovely families now arise to our remembrance,

where the "second mother" is as tenderly loved and cared for in her old age by the children of her adoption, as if they were indeed her own; where all are so closely united that one, unacquainted with the fact, would fail to discover that some are the offspring of a former, some of a later marriage; where the endearing title "mother" flows naturally and gracefully from the lips, and the elder protects the younger members of the family, in the same way they would have done had all been nursed at the same bosom.

Be not discouraged, then, O desponding second mother, but willingly take up the reproach, and prove to the world that it is possible for one who has hitherto been a stranger to a mother's feelings to enter into the maternal relation with children who are not her own. The office it is true requires patience, wisdom, and discrimination, greater, if possible, than is necessary in governing and educating one's own children. Years may have elapsed since they were bereft of a fond and prudent mother's care; the father, absorbed in sorrow, or the pressing calls of business, or perhaps over-indulgent to those in whom he sees that mother's image, and pitying their bereaved condition, has with an unwise fondness permitted them to become headstrong, quarrelsome, and selfish. Or they are left in many instances to the care of mercenaries, whose interests are best forwarded by petting and spoiling them, or who are too ignorant and careless to be the proper guardians of their young charge. Should much time be suffered to pass in this age of misrule, she who takes the place of mother to these misguided children will indeed enter upon a hard task.

If she succeed in gaining their good will at first, her burdens will prove incomparably lighter, and it may be hoped that by a prudent, wise, and straightforward course in the path of duty, the stubborn hearts of these her elder children may be subdued, and their wills made to yield to the magic power of firmness united with love. We have seen many instances where the "second mother" has won the confidence and respect of those who at first were disposed to look upon her with dislike and suspicion, as an intruder into the sacred rights of another; and they have shown themselves more than willing, even eager, to claim full relationship with her. But all depends on the manner in which the work is commenced. How many, discouraged and repulsed at first, have ceased to try their influence farther, and deterred from any attempt at proper government on account of the odium which is attached to a step-mother's discipline, have ended by suffering the child to go on in its own way and becoming entirely ruined.

But let the "step" be at once and forever forgotten, or, if it must remain, use it as a step to climb into the affections of the little ones you have taken for your own. Step by step you will succeed, and once gained, take care by no ill-judged action on

your part, to lose the foothold you have secured. Love them as you would have your own offspring loved, should death deprive them of your maternal offices; and you will soon learn to look with less of dread on the obnoxious name of step-mother, as conferring an honor and a crown of victory on her who, through many trials and discouragements, earned for herself the noble title of second mother.

PARKESBURG, Chester Co., Pa.

Discouraging Children.

It is somewhere related that a poor soldier, having had his skull fractured, was told by the doctor that his brains were visible. "Do write and tell father of it, for he always said I had no brains," he replied. How many fathers and mothers tell their children this, and how often does such a remark contribute not a little to prevent any development of the brain? A grown person tells a child he is brainless, foolish, or a blockhead, or that he is deficient in some mental or moral faculty, and in nine cases out of ten, the statement is believed, the thought that it may be partially so acts like an incubus to repress the confidence and energies of that child. Let any person look to childhood's days, and he can doubtless recall many words and expressions which exerted such a discouraging or encouraging influence over him as to tell upon his whole course of future life. We know an ambitious boy who, at the age of ten years, had become so depressed with fault-finding and reproof, not duly mingled with encouraging words, that at an early age he longed for death to take him out of the world, in which he conceived he had no ability to rise. But while all thus appeared so dark around him, and he had been so often told of his faults and deficiencies that he seemed the dullest and worst of boys, and while none of his good qualities and capabilities had been mentioned, and he believed he had none, a single word of praise and appreciation, carelessly dropped in his hearing, changed his whole course of thought. We have often heard him say, "that word saved him." The moment he thought he could do well he resolved that he would—and he has done well. Parents, these are important considerations.

Teaching Children.

Do all in your power to teach your children self-government. If a child is passionate, teach him by example, and use gentle and patient means to curb his temper. If he is greedy, cultivate liberality in him. If he is sulky, charm him out of it by encouraging frank good-humor. If he is indolent, accustom him to exertion. If pride makes his obedience reluctant, subdue him by counsel or discipline. In short, give your children the habit of overcoming their besetting sin.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

"A Furlough."

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"No letter," said mamma, drawing a deep sigh, "no letter from Andrew to-day. I'm afraid something has happened to my boy!"

"Oh, now, Martha, don't, like all the rest of your sex, make a swift jump to conclusions. There may be a hundred good reasons for your not hearing from Andrew. Perhaps he hasn't had time to write. Perhaps his letter has been miscarried or lost. For my part, I'm neither going to make the boy sick or bury him until I've some better reason for it than the fact that we've had no letter."

"But if you were his mother, Thomas, you couldn't help feeling anxious and troubled as I do! Just think now, if he should be taken down with the fever, away off there in camp, and be sent to the hospital; or if he should fall in some skirmish with—" mother stopped here; the tears were in her eyes.

"That little word 'if' makes a mighty difference, as our mother used to say; and now as you've got the art of putting things, according to the Country Parson, on the dark side, I'll put them on the bright one. What if Andrew's hale and hearty, doing good service for God and his country off there in camp, and learning new lessons of self-sacrifice, of a deeper, broader patriotism, and of human brotherhood in his new strange collision with all kinds of men than he could ever otherwise have done; what if he comes home a truer, better, and of course a stronger, happier man for all the hard, tough experience he has had; better able to comprehend and appreciate the worth of liberty, the blessing of peace."

The sadness was all gone from the face of mother as she lifted it up to Uncle Thomas.

"If he comes back so, I shall never regret that I gave my only boy to the war," she said.

"Well, Martha, I want you to look at my 'if' and not at yours," said my uncle, in his quaint way, while I'm gone. "Will you promise me this?"

"I'll try," answered mother, with a bit of a smile.

And then Uncle Thomas kissed us and went away. He is my mother's only brother, as Andrew is mine. He is an old bachelor, and when papa died he adopted us, and mamma has lived with him ever since.

I cannot remember my own papa, whose portrait hangs over the piano in the parlor, but it does not seem to me that I *could* have loved him better than I do my Uncle Thomas, with his broad, warm heart, the lurking humor in his gray eyes, and his quaint, pleasant jokes, like nobody's else in the world.

Andrew is my only brother, and there are ten years—just half my life—betwixt him and me. Andrew had just graduated at college, and several of his classmates had joined regiments, when he too took it into his heart that he'd go to the war. It was a long time before mamma could be brought to think of it all; but Andrew was set upon it, and at last through Uncle Thomas's influence she gave a tearful, tremulous consent; and for a year Andrew has been with the army on the Potomac. He has been promoted from a private to a captain, and is much in love with his military life, as men will be, notwithstanding all his hardships and exposures; but oh, dear me! he don't know what a long heart-ache mamma carries for fear something should happen to her boy, my noble, beautiful brother!

Three days slipped away, and then Uncle Thomas returned. I was in the hall when somebody slipped suddenly out of the library, caught me round the waist, and slipping one hand softly over my eyes, said—

"Who has caught you now, lady-bird."

"I know it's Uncle Thomas," and then I was snatched up for the kisses I was ready to receive and bestow. Setting me down, he asked—

"How's mother?"

"Very well, thank you, Uncle Thomas."

"And have you heard from Andrew?"

"No, Uncle Thomas."

"Haven't heard yet?" There was surprise and disappointment in my uncle's voice, which showed me very plainly, that however he might disguise it before mamma, he partook of her anxiety respecting Andrew. A minute later, he opened the sitting-room door.

"Oh, Thomas, I'm glad to see you back!" was mamma's first greeting to her brother.

"And have you looked at my 'if' or at yours—confess now, Martha?"

And his light tones were not now the same which I had heard a few moments before in the hall.

"I've looked at both, Thomas, but more at mine than at yours to-day, for there hasn't come yet a letter from my boy," and the tears were in mamma's eyes.

"No, but he's come instead," answered a voice at the door, which made us all spring and look round, and there, in his officer's uniform, tall and sunbrowned, stood my brother Andrew!

We couldn't believe it—we couldn't believe it, not even after we had shaken hands and kissed and hugged him over and over. Uncle Thomas rubbed his eyes in his funny way, and said he was trying to wake up and couldn't.

"Oh, Andrew," sobbed mamma, "if you knew what I had suffered, fearing for you the last week."

"And all this time, dear mother, I was planning my surprise for you. The truth is, I was down for a week with the fever in the hospital, and then I obtained a furlough for a month and came home for you and Alice to nurse me."

"Sick in the hospital—oh Andrew!" cried mamma, with a shudder.

"Martha!" Uncle Thomas's voice was very solemn now, "you ought instead to say, 'thank God that Andrew was spared to come back to us.'"

"And I do say it," answered mamma, with her hands clasped on Andrew's shoulder.

Do you know what it is to have a brother come home from the battle field as I know what it is, these long summer days? Such stories as Andrew has to tell us of camp life and battle scenes, over which we sometimes cry and sometimes laugh together. I sit in my old place on his knee—I drop asleep every night with my head pillowed on his shoulder; we play "hide and seek" about the house just as we did in the vacations when he returned from college. He is growing stronger every day, and the brown hue is fast fading from his cheeks; but I put away the thought as I would a blow, that every day which goes like a song and a smile over our heads, takes away one from my brother's furlough. And sometimes in the midst of all my gladness, a swift pang pierces my heart, for I remember that there are many sisters scattered over all this fair land, whose brothers will come out from the hospitals to no "furlough" except that long, silent, unbroken one whose name we call death.

Parlor Amusements.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN.

A circle is formed, and the player best acquainted with the game addresses his nearest neighbor as follows:—

"I have been to my grandmother's garden. My grandmother's garden is a beautiful garden. In my grandmother's garden there are four corners."

Each player, in succession, repeats the same phrase, not adding or omitting anything, on pain of a forfeit; the next player always taking up the word before he can have time to correct an error. When the turn of the first speaker comes round again, he repeats what has been previously said; adding to it, "In the first corner is a rose-tree. I love you to distraction."

The others repeat not only this, but also the original phrase, paying a forfeit for each mistake.

The turn finished a second time, the leader repeats the whole; adding: "In the second corner there is a sun-flower. I would kiss you, but I am afraid."

After the third turn he adds, "In the third corner there is a peony. Tell me your secret."

Each player then whispers whatever he pleases in the ear of his preceding neighbor.

The fourth repetition over, the leader makes another addition. "In the fourth corner there is a poppy. Repeat aloud what you whispered to me just now."

As the oration (which has now reached its full growth) goes round the circle, each player is compelled to divulge the secret he had previously imparted to his neighbor in confidence—rather an embarrassing condition sometimes, for people not prepared for such an arrangement—for the company are equally amused at the secrets which are not very clear, as at those which are rather too much so.

This game will be recognized as only another version of the *House that Jack built*,—on the model of which endless games may be formed, the leader relying upon his own inventions for the sayings to be repeated.

THE HORNED AMBASSADOR.

The leader of the game, having prepared a number of little horns of paper that can be attached to the heads of the players—curl-paper fashion—commences by addressing to the person seated on his left in a circle a discourse, which all the players must repeat after him word for word, without the slightest alteration or addition, on pain of receiving the name of *Horned Ambassador*, instead of that of *Royal Ambassador*, which all hold in right of the game. The speech is as follows:

"Good morning, Royal Ambassador—always Royal. I, the Royal Ambassador—always Royal—come from his Royal Majesty—always Royal (indicating his neighbor on the right) to tell you that his eagle has a golden beak."

The second and following players repeat this formula as we have already stated. If any one makes a mistake, he receives one of the paper horns for each blunder. And in the following round, instead of saying, "I, the Royal Ambassador—always Royal," he says, I, the one (two or three, according to the number he has received) *horned Ambassador—always horned*, &c.

By the same rule, when addressing the wearer of one or more horns, instead of saying, "Good day, Royal Ambassador—always Royal," it is necessary to say, "Good day, one (or more) *horned Ambassador—always horned*."

At the second round, the leader adds, and the others repeat successively, a new quality to that mentioned as possessed by the king's eagle in the first—such as *brazen claws*; at the third, *diamond eyes*; at the fourth, *silver plumes*; at the fifth, an *iron heart*, &c. The last act of this game (which may be prolonged *ad libitum*) is the collection of forfeits in proportion to the number of horns that have been distributed, and the penalties exacted for their redemption by the king of the *Ambassadors—always Royal—from their many horned brethren*.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

TWO WAYS OF USING COLD BOILED FISH.—

1. Take two pounds of cold fish, cut into very small pieces, scald one pint of milk in a saucepan, mix in enough flour to make a paste, and half a pound of butter; season with pepper and salt, and then whip in the yolks of four eggs, one by one; butter a dish, lay in first a layer of fish, then of the paste, and so on, to fill the dish. Bake three-quarters of an hour in a moderate oven.

2. Cut up a fish in convenient pieces, and put in a jar a layer of fish and then spices (pepper, cloves, allspice and mace to taste,) until the jar is filled; then put in vinegar enough to cover thoroughly. Tie a paper tightly over the jar; then spread a paste of flour and water over the paper, set it in the oven for eight hours. If rightly done, the bones will be entirely absorbed. It is excellent.

GINGER BEER POWDERS.—Powdered white sugar two drachms; powdered ginger, five grains; carbonate of soda, twenty-six grains; mix and wrap in blue paper. Tartaric acid, thirty grains; wrap in white paper. Dissolve each separately in half a glass of spring water, mix, and drink while in a state of effervescence.

ARTIFICIAL CHEESE.—Well pound some nutmeg, mace and cinnamon, to which add a gallon of new milk, two quarts of cream; boil these in the milk; put in eight eggs, six or eight spoonful of wine vinegar to turn the milk; let it boil till it comes to a curd; tie it up in a cheese cloth, and let it hang six or eight hours to drain; then open it, take out the spice; sweeten it with sugar and rosewater; put it into a cullender; let it stand an hour more, then turn it out, and serve it up in a dish with cream under it.

BLANC MANGE.—Break one ounce of isinglass in very small pieces, and wash well; pour on a pint of boiling water; next morning add a quart of milk, and boil until the isinglass is dissolved, and strain it. Put in two ounces of blanched almonds, pounded; sweeten with loaf sugar, and turn it into the mould. Stick thin slips of almonds all over the blanc mange, and dress around with syllabub or whip cream.

RICE BLANC MANGE.—Take one pint of new milk; add to it two eggs, well beaten; four spoonful of ground rice; two spoonful of brandy; grate a little nutmeg; sweeten it to your taste; boil it; when near cold, put it into your mould; when quite cold, turn it out, mix in a little sugar, cream and nutmeg, and put round it in the dish; garnish with red currant jelly.

CHEESE CREAM—A PLAIN, FAMILY WAY.—Put three pints of milk to one half pint of cream, warm, or according to the same proportions, and put in a

little rennet; keep it covered in a warm place till it is curdled; have a mould with holes, either china or any other; put the curds into it to drain about an hour. Serve with a good plain cream, and pounded sugar over it.

AN ECONOMICAL DISH.—And, if well cooked, a pleasant one.—Take three sheeps' tongues; let them lie in cold water for two hours, until all the blood has left them; then throw them into boiling water for a minute, one by one, until you can remove the hard skin that covers them. Place them in a saucepan of lukewarm water; stew them gently for three hours, with three small carrots, two laurel leaves, cloves, a small onion or two, pepper and salt; cut them in two lengthways, remove the roots, and serve with a *sauce piquante*.

GINGER WINE.—Take nine gallons of cold water; dissolve twenty-seven pounds of good, light, raw sugar; put the mixture into a boiler, then add eighteen ounces of the best ginger, bruised, and the rinds of eighteen lemons. Boil it half an hour, skim it well, and let it stand in a cooler until blood warm. Put it in a cask with nine pounds of raisins, chopped. Stir all these ingredients together; add a tablespoonful of yeast, and stir every day for ten days. Then add two and a-half ounces of isinglass, dissolved in some of the liquor, and a quart of the best brandy. Cork it close, and draw off as wanted.

CARROT SOUP.—To seven pints of soft water, put one pound of lean beef, cut thin, half a pint of split peas, one large carrot, cut into pieces, one or two turnips, some celery, and a large onion. Boil all together until the liquor is reduced to one-half the quantity, then strain it through a coarse hair-sieve. Have ready three or four large carrots (half-boiled and then grated fine) put this into the soup; boil it with pepper and salt to your taste. Just before it gets to the last boil, take a little fresh butter (about the size of a walnut) rubbed in flour, and put into the soup. Serve it up with fried bread. If more soup is wanted, all the ingredients must be doubled, with the exception of the grated carrots; and, if they are large, six will be found sufficient for a good-sized tureen.

PRESERVING BUTTER.—Make a dry mixture of one-third saltpetre, one-third common salt, one-third best loaf sugar. Mix one ounce of the above with one pound of butter which must be made perfectly free from buttermilk, and to have been put into water as little as possible. Work the ingredients well in, and put into a stone crock. Sprinkle the mixture at the top of each layer of butter as you add, and when the crock is full, fasten down tightly and exclude the air. When required for table, wash and make up into pats as fresh butter.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

Muscular Education.

It is considered the thing just now to run down dashing horsewomen by fastening upon them the epithet, "pretty horsebreaker," that expression being always used as a term of reproach, often as a sneer; but surely it is not unwomanly to take delight in two such noble and high-spirited creatures as a horse and a dog; or, shall we be told it is indecorous for ladies to hunt? The writer is perhaps speaking too much from his own point of view; but to him, and he fancies to many like him, a young lady appears far more natural, more herself, and more interesting, when flushed with the glow of health, and the excitement of a gallop through the fresh, life-breathing air, than when framed in the stiff finery of artificial flowers and full dress, to act a part for the evening. Then there is the indescribable charm of health and high spirits, for which we all have so keen an instinct; this is a flower one rarely finds in the hothouses of society. To admire or to sanction the swash-buckler style of a manly young lady, who has been betrayed by silly brothers into talking slang and swaggering, is quite another thing. Rude health brings with it a sort of irresistible spirit of opposition and independence that means no harm; like the prancing of a spirited filly fresh up from grass, there's no vice in it, and the pretty creature will soon take to the bit, especially under a light hand, and become invaluable.

But the best argument in favor of riding for ladies is, that it offers almost the only violent exercise open to them; and violent exercise is necessary for strong health. As to dancing, that is violent enough in all conscience, but entirely in the wrong direction; the chest being confined, while the breathing is raised to the highest pitch of rapidity, feeding on air of the hottest and stalest kind, loaded with dust and perfumes, the heart still stirred till it beats like that of a frightened bird. All this awful waste of resources, this consuming fire in the system, is made more destructive by choosing the hours which Nature demands for sleep and renovation. If this favorite amusement must be had, and no doubt it is in nature that it must, then we ought to have dancing-rooms as cool and well-ventilated as a gymnasium, instead of the quasi-Turkish bath to which we have so generally to submit.

Of the few good exercises enticing enough to keep their votaries in the field, archery is the best. It has decidedly gained in public favor of late, and deserves to be encouraged in every way. Young ladies at school have the great advantage of being permitted to be a little hoydenish; and if we were to speak as a father it would be to say that your

hoyden is not to be put down as a rude tom-boy. Let her by all means bowl her hoop, skip and play long-rope to giddy distraction; and even play bat-trap and cricket, with an occasional pull on the lake or river. But better than all, are the regular drill and systematic exercise of the gymnasium. Let no one suppose that wielding the clubs hanging on the horizontal bar, or indeed any strain upon the arms, ever makes the hands clumsy; that it ever interferes with the finest needlework, the most delicate drawing, or that that highly-prized quality, the touch of the pianoforte player, is destroyed by it. It is proved beyond question that the hand becomes more delicate and obedient the more it is used in every kind of exercise; therefore, the excuse we often hear against romping games as "spoiling the hands" has no foundation; even the thick, hard skin on workmen's hands is found rather to increase the sense of touch than to diminish it.

Man is *par excellence* a walking animal. He is the only creature that has a calf to his leg; and, as every one knows, this is the essential mechanism for walking. A man will walk down any game, and tire out the best horses in the long run. Dick Turpin's mare carried him from London to York, the distance being just within two hundred miles, and there are instances of horses doing more than a hundred miles at a stretch; but there is nothing to equal the celebrated feat of Captain Barclay, who walked a thousand miles: a thousand consecutive hours, playing the bag-pipes on entering every town, according to the terms of his wager. Omnibus horses in London do about twenty-five miles a day with a rest; but many of the letter carriers on the out-lying districts walk this distance, and with short intervals of rest; this is not more than a man in good condition can sustain for weeks. There are few better tests of a man's condition than hard walking, and the practice is one universally applicable, eminently delightful, and beyond everything beneficial to the health.

Running foot-races seems to be coming in afresh with the astonishing victories of the American Indian, "Deerfoot," whose pace is fleetier than that of many fast trotting horses. It is a fine, high-mettled sport, and thoroughly English, being a favorite pastime in the middle ages, when the prize was nothing but a silver ring. The Greeks were content with even a more modest symbol of victory in a sprig of the wild olive. At the Olympic Games they ran races; but the course was much shorter than ours. The stadium, being little more than two hundred yards long, was run over twice without stopping. This does not give a very exalted idea of their running, which was probably neither equal in speed nor endurance to that of our day. In Kent, one of the most popular games is "a running." In this the young men of a place, or of

two rival villages, meet in some chosen meadow, and, dressed in the lightest clothing, with bare feet, compete one against the other, as in wrestling matches, till the two best runners are left to contest the palm.

The system of training in the palmy days of the ring, was not very far wrong. As to quantity of food, there was no limit for our prize fighters, though they were not allowed to gorge as the Greek and Roman athletes did. Two full meals with meat a day were considered sufficient, breakfast and dinner; but if the appetite demand supper, it must be simply a little meat and dry biscuit at eight o'clock, to be followed by a walk, and then to bed at ten. The modern trainers pursue a regimen very similar to this, allowing some little latitude as to smoking, and tea and coffee in moderate quantities; but they keep the strictest surveillance over their man, and never allow him to be out of sight, day or night, when any important match is on the tapis. Running and walking are the chief exercises adopted, and the former occasionally at full speed, and in the morning, after which the trainee is rubbed down dry, and clothed in his usual dress, flannel being worn for all exercise. A series of strong gymnastic exercises is adopted also. Great attention is paid to the condition of the skin, a point upon which the connoisseurs are particularly knowing; it should be smooth, soft, yet firm and tight over the muscles, having the look which in a horse is called "fine." The muscles should stand out hard and decided, in form like the carving of an ivory statue, and showing no roundings off by fat. Persons in good health train plump; but if they fall off, it shows that they are not able to bear the severity of the process. Gentlemen do not generally bear training so well as men accustomed to labor from boyhood; and it should be understood that the severe training undergone by prize-fighters is not favorable to the constitution; a more moderate system of exercises is preferable for those who are not disposed to sacrifice too much to the reputation of being an athlete of the first water.

The rationale of training is to nourish the body as rapidly as possible, and at the same time get rid of the waste material. It might be compared, for illustration, to the rapid consumption of fuel in locomotive engines by a quick draught of air and the production of steam from an immense extent of heated surface, obtained by exposing to the fire many tubes filled with water. The best of fuel is supplied to the man in training in the shape of his meat, bread and water; his smoke and cinders must be got rid of rapidly, so as to excite the fierce combustion demanded for the pace he has to go, and the long-continued efforts he has to make. To accomplish this, the fire-grate and chimneys of the human engine must be kept clear and in perfect working order. The skin, which lets off the waste steam and smoke at millions of pores—or, say twenty-eight

miles of tubing, for this has been calculated—is of the first importance; hence, by long experience, from the Greeks and Romans to our day, trainers, who are no great physiologists, have paid the closest attention to the skin, whether in training horses or men. The Greeks used a scraper called a *strigil*, and they sometimes rolled in the dust of the stadium after anointing, all of which compelled them to use a great amount of friction in merely cleansing the skin. Perspiration is excited and kept up at regular intervals; and the pores are cleansed by rubbing with hard brushes and towels, with occasional sponging, though the bath is used sparingly. By this means also the circulation of the blood in the minute net-work of vessels all over the body is assisted. Men in ordinary health get rid of about three pounds of water alone from their skin, daily; but in training it must be more than this. Then the lungs, being nearer to the central furnace of the body, are of even more importance to be kept at work than the skin; for from them the chief part of the smoke must be got rid of, besides a good deal of steam, or in other words, carbonic acid gas and watery vapor. In ordinary good health, a man expires about twenty-one ounces of steam daily; of course, a man undergoing great exertion breathes off much more than this. Then the light, fresh air is exchanged in breathing for the heavy carbonic gas, ammonia, hydrogen gas, and volatile animal substances, making altogether from six to eight per cent. of effete material got rid of by the lungs. Now we can see the necessity for a man having what is called "good wind;" his lungs must be able to bear the constant and rapid contraction and expansion, and the strong action of the heart in driving on the vital stream without distress. Hence no person with the slightest weakness of the chest should ever attempt to train, though the regimen, very moderately and gradually applied, would be beneficial; for it may then simply embrace the well-known precepts of fresh air, exercise, simple food, no excesses, and early hours. Those are favored by Nature who can endure exercise occasionally as severe as the prize-fighters go through; by it the lungs are ventilated as they cannot be in ordinary exercise, and the high vigor of the system maintained. In quiet breathing, as much as one hundred and seventy cubic inches of air remains in the chest, while about twenty-five inches are expired; but this is raised to two hundred and forty cubic inches by violent exercise, and renewed at the rate of from forty to fifty times in a minute.

It cannot be too strongly enforced that, no matter how intellectual the calibre, or how sensitive the fibre, material health lies at the root of all. The brain must have its fat and its phosphorus, the heart must be touched with the bright and pure life-stream, or the pace begins to slacken, and the machinery yields to the *vis inertiae* of earth till it stops dead. It is not too much to say that the greatest achievements await those who, having

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pursuits not necessarily favorable to health, nevertheless make it of the first consideration to attend to the culture of the body. Good eating and drinking, as it is called, is far too much relied upon; in fact, it is this that in towns leads universally to disease and short lives; it is absolutely necessary to combine good food with invigorating and refreshing exercises, and if the more violent can be borne, so much the better. If gymnastics were esteemed with us as important as they were with the ancient Greeks and Romans, and practised habitually, as by them, there is no doubt that the public health would be raised, and new fields of enjoyment would open out to the multitude who are always wondering what ails them, or what on earth they can find to do. Amongst the Greeks it was thought impossible for the mind to be in a vigorous state unless the body was. Philosopher, physician and gymnast were united in one person—Galen dislocated his shoulder, when wrestling, in his thirty-fifth year. The *alipste*, who superintended the diet and training, became reputed physicians, and their cure of diseases consisted almost entirely in adapting some of the processes of training adopted in the *palaestra*, the places built for the separate use of the *athleta*, who were the professional strong men, and distinguished from the *agonista*, who were amateurs. Every town of importance had its gymnasium; and here poets came to recite, philosophers to dispute, and the fashionable public to look on at the exercises and to gossip. The great contests were in running, jumping, leaping with weights in the hands, (*halteres*) boxing, wrestling, throwing the *discus*, (a sort of quoit play) and hurling the spear. All these were

practised also by boys; and they had a favorite game of pulling a rope against one another, something like our "French and English," a game which to this day is practised on a large scale at Ludlow, in Shropshire, where on Shrove Tuesday the different wards of the town pull upon a long rope for the mastery. The gymnasium amongst the Romans became rather a place for military training, and the athletic sports changed into the fights of the gladiators and combats with wild animals in the amphitheatre. The bath, however, with frictions of the skin and gymnastic exercises, were the custom, and most houses had their *palaestra* which were richly adorned with works of art. The Roman boys were not trained as the children of the Greeks were, and gymnastics were certainly not so rigidly practised for their own sakes. The Romans preferred the magnificence and display of the circus and the amphitheatre. They would not have knocked a way through their city walls to welcome a victor in the Olympic games, esteeming him too great a personage to enter by the ordinary gate, as the Greeks did. Rome might never have been a prey to the Goths, had she been satisfied with the Greek model; and the modern Italians, cast as they are, in such a noble mould, would never have become the irritable, indolent and melancholy race they are, had not athletic sports and manly exercises been lost by the people and discouraged by the nobles. Whether they will be regenerated by the example of their manly king, and the enlightened exertions of their statesmen, is a subject of the deepest interest to all who admire the splendid organization of the Italians, and remember the deep debt we owe to Italy.

TOILET AND WORK TABLE.

THE "HYACINTH" AND EMERALD.

These two beautiful styles are among the latest creations of "Lady Fashion." They are made in all colors which are worn this season, and of lighter or heavier texture as the year advances. The trimmings vary greatly, but the styles depicted in our illustrations—embroideries in *braids* and velvets, are among the most elegant modes of ornament.

CUSHION COVER.

Very pretty tidies and cushion covers are now made on mosquito net, which is a very useful manufacture as a groundwork on which to work ornamental patterns in darning and fancy stitches. The pattern given is for this purpose, and when worked, will be found to have a very lacy and

good effect. The stars are worked in cottons of different degrees of coarseness, and the lines which form the stars are traced in the coarsest kind. The interiors of the points are filled in with different kinds of lace stitches, which are very easily executed on this coarse fabric, such as sewing lines of the net over, crossing in diamonds, and filling in with stars—but which have a very pretty effect, introduced in this manner. The shape indicated by the black ground in the illustration, is formed by running a line, in coarse cotton, across the net in the different directions. This gives a novelty to the style of work. To complete the tidy, a light lace in crochet, or a rich knotted fringe, should be carried all round. This will be found a very showy and pretty way of working on this net.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

AMERICA BEFORE EUROPE. PRINCIPLES AND INTERESTS. By Count Agénor de Gasparin. Translated from advance sheets by Mary L. Booth. New York: *Chas. Scribner*. Philad'a: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

We regard this as one of the most important issues of the press that has appeared since the commencement of the war. "The uprising of a great people" was a prophecy of success for just principles, which events have made history. The second volume of the clear-seeing Frenchman is devoted mainly to the work of showing to Europe her false position towards America, and the perils that attend this false position. It is divided into six parts. The first reviews the attitude of Europe, and shows what it ought to have been—rebuking, in strong language, its failure to take a position in favor of honor and right, instead of being drawn aside by policy and interest. We make an extract from this part of the book:—

"We had thought ourselves justified in saying, without exaggerating its chivalrous sentiments, that the cause of the South would excite in it a hearty indignation; that this rebellion in favor of slavery would meet naught but anathemas among us; that the nineteenth century would not suffer this single occasion to be lost of seconding otherwise than by words the most glorious work of modern times. We were mistaken; the narrow policy too often prevails over the broad. Instead of entering frankly into the path of large sympathies, instead of encouraging, instead of believing in good, which is one of the surest means of doing it, Europe has chosen rather to be suspicious, to find fault, to recall old grievances, to gather up new complaints, to treat in fine, as an enemy or suspected power, this youthful government, sprung from a generous reaction against injustice, and charged with pursuing its redressal. It was first necessary to love it, in order to counsel it, and to aid it to become better. Supported by us, it would have proceeded without hindrance to its end; not to immediate abolition, as has been pretended, but to certain abolition, through the growing preponderance of the North, through the abrogation of odious laws, through the inevitable and progressive suppression of slavery, confined within a continually narrowing circle. On the day that it was decided that it should no longer increase, slavery would have begun to die, yet it would not have died a death of violence—gently, tranquilly, by pacific and Christian means, the redoubtable problem would have been resolved, for the common safety of the North and the South, the whites and the blacks.

"We did not desire this. To desire it would have been to quit the beaten track and depart from the precepts of false policy. A most impolitic policy in any case; for, to speak only of our material interests, it has endowed us with the civil war which is

desolating America, ruining the cotton production, and calling forth sufferings in our Old World which will go on increasing. If the South had known in advance that it could not count on us, it is not probable that it would have attempted an insurrection. At all events, this would not have been of long duration. It deludes itself less than people imagine; it knows the strength of the national government, and is not ignorant that resources will ere long be lacking to the insurrectional government at Richmond. Even its victories have never given it the audacity to take a single step in advance; its plan is to secure time for Europe to intervene. Europe needs its cotton, Europe is at its mercy, Europe is about to aid and recognize it, Europe will seize on the first pretext that offers; she will break the blockade and impose peace. Take away these convictions from the South, and you will cause the weapons to fall from their hands. Suppose Europe, for a moment, not to exist, and America to be a duelling ground in which no one can interfere, and you can no longer imagine possible a continuance of the struggle.

"Four months will suffice for the reduction of the South, from the day that it shall have ceased to count on Europe. It is said that Mr. Seward has more than once expressed this conviction. I believe it to be well founded, as well founded as that noble complaint in the last message of Mr. Lincoln: 'Every nation distracted by civil war must expect to be treated without consideration by foreign powers.'

"What is it, then, that has gone wrong among us? Simply that we have been lacking in youth at heart. Instead of asking on which side were justice and liberty, we hastened to ask on which side were our interests, then too on which side were the best chances of success. It seemed to us that this rebellion without a pretext was not without a future. From this we had not to go far to find in it some appearance of right. And thus it is that, after having protested for the acquittal of our conscience against the 'crime of slavery,' after having declared (the thing is granted) that slavery is detested by those who, moreover, never fail to serve it, we have refused to the generous impulse of the North that spontaneous, cordial, and, as it were, naïve support which would have decided all questions on the spot."

In the second part, he reviews the mean and miserable policy of England, and in doing so makes for her this ingenious and just apology. Let us, as Americans, give to it a fair consideration.

"There are two nations in England. Whoever does not begin by admitting this, must renounce all hope of understanding the history of this strange country. There are two nations, I say it to the glory of England. How many peoples are there,

among whom energetic reactions towards good are unknown! How many countries are there, whose rivers flow smoothly down an even slope, where no block of granite ever falls to turn aside the current! Blocks of granite have fallen into the current of England.

"Oftenest, doubtless, the river turns aside, then descends tranquilly to the sea, while nothing announces that an obstacle has disturbed the flow of the waters. These are the epochs of inertia, languor, and forgetfulness of principles; a policy then prevails, not more selfish, perhaps, than the policy of other governments, but less attached to forms, and more offensive, by reason of unceremoniousness and bad taste. But suddenly a reaction is wrought; a great moral truth comes to light, agitation becomes diffused, a superior force arises in opposition to the power of habits and interests. Humanity then wins one of its victories. To-day, it is the abolishment of the slave trade; to-morrow, it will be the abolition of slavery; the day after, Catholic emancipation; then, the reform of Parliament; then, the protective system. There will be extended investigations, there will be persevering efforts to obtain religious liberty everywhere, there will be powerful sympathies in favor of the independence of peoples. When Christian and liberal England rises, when its journals and meetings begin to protest against a great social iniquity, we feel that this will not be a passing and feeble desire, a well-meaning caprice, such as we have witnessed too often, but a fixed design which will be pursued to the end with that many energy which delays discovery no more than reverses.

"Before the reactions of which I speak, the common traditions of the British administration always yield in the end. We know in what manner the crimes of the Indian government were openly denounced in Parliament. We know what voices were raised, even during the American war to obtain the independence of the United States. If, some day, the opium trade should succumb, upon which I count, it will fall, be sure, beneath the blows of a moral reaction aroused in England.

"This is how it happens that English history contains so many contrasts, so much good, and so much evil. He who sees nothing but the evil, is in the wrong; he who sees nothing but the good, is likewise in the wrong. There are two nations, I repeat. When unprincipled England grieves us, let us turn with confidence towards liberal and Christian England! Thank God! the latter is constantly gaining ground. For fifty years, it has not ceased, as it were, to give battle. For a moment in torpor, it was not long in awaking. It is at hand, it is advancing; a little late, doubtless, but nevertheless in time; it is about to reform with its generous hand the policy pursued with respect to the United States."

The third part of Count Gasparin's book is de-

voted to the correction of certain errors that are widely credited in Europe—errors mainly promulgated there by Southern emissaries. In this he does his work thoroughly, in the presentation of facts and the evidence found in documents. Five errors are met and corrected; they are these:—I. "Slavery is not really in question." II. "We are, before all, to avoid Civil War." III. "The South had a right to secede." IV. "The South, though conquered, will not be brought back to the Union." V. "The South will not be conquered."

The confidence felt in the result of our struggle is thus expressed by the author in closing his volume:—

"Yes, you will be the stronger, generous defenders of justice; you will be the stronger, if you ally yourselves to justice and to God. Hope! God himself has implanted the need of encouragement in the inmost depths of our soul. Hope! Cling to hope, preserve a serene and impregnable faith in the triumphs of eternal right.

"Danton said: 'Audacity, audacity, and again audacity!' I say willingly: 'Hope, hope, and again hope!' This crisis, despite the suffering that it includes, will be the honor and consolation of our times. Never, perhaps, were matter and spirit so directly at strife; the question is a moral one; it is for America to know whether the Puritan element will win—for the whole world to know whether liberty and justice will finally prevail.

"The whole world, I have just said, is engaged in the contest. The uprising of this people upraises us also; this spectacle of sufferings nobly accepted, does us good. We feel that one of those storms which purify the atmosphere is passing at this moment over our globe.

"Those over whom it passes have to suffer; but after the tempest comes fine weather, and like that fleet which, after having been dispersed by the storm, found itself again entire in the smooth waters of Port Royal, America will seem, perhaps, almost to sink beneath the violence of the winds, until it attain the end. This end is peace.

"Having once succeeded in suppressing the fearful evil which is devouring them, the United States will not feel that their present sacrifices are disproportioned to the progress accomplished. Acquired at this price, the abolition of slavery will not have been bought too dear.

"The question in the end is a second creation of the United States. This is carried on by the American method, that of Washington, that of the war of 1812, that which begins in weakness and ends in grandeur.

"No, the sixteenth President of the United States will not be the last; no, the eighty-fifth year of this people will not be the last; their flag will come out of battle pierced with bullets and blackened with powder, but more glorious than ever, without having let fall, as I hope, in the mêlée a single one of its thirty-four stars."

THE NEW GYMNASTICS FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN. With a Translation of Prof. Kloss's Dumb-Bell Instructor, and Prof. Schreiber's Pangymnastikon. By Dio Lewis, M. D., Professor of the Essex-street Gymnasium, Boston. With Three Hundred Illustrations. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Philad'a: W. S. & A. Martien.

This book should reach a sale of hundreds of thousands. The author is a public benefactor. It describes and illustrates a new system of physical training, which may be introduced with little or no expense in every home, and adopted in every seminary. Novel in philosophy and practical in its details, its distinguishing peculiarity is a complete adaptation, alike to the strongest man, the feeblest woman, and the frailest child. Dispensing with the cumbrous apparatus of the ordinary gymnasium, its implements are all calculated not only to impart strength of muscle, but to give flexibility, agility and grace of movement. The apparatus is not fixed, so that any room or hall may be used for the exercise.

All the different movements in the dumb-bell exercise are given, with illustrations, so that any one may practice them without a teacher. The same is true of the Indian club exercise; also, of the Wand exercise, and exercises with rings and bags filled with beans. There is also a chapter, fully illustrated, of Free Gymnastics, or exercises without apparatus, suggested by the Swedish movement cure. And, lastly, a full description, illustrated by over a hundred wood cuts, of the use of a single piece of apparatus called the Pangymnastikon, by Dr. Schreiber, Director of the Medical Gymnastic Institution of Leipsic. In this piece of apparatus is sought the simplest means for the complete development of muscular strength and endurance. It consists of two large hand rings, suspended from the ceiling by ropes, which, running through padded hooks, are carried to the walls. Two other ropes extend from the walls directly to the hand rings. A strap with a stirrup is placed in either hand ring. By a simple arrangement on the wall, the hand rings are drawn as high as the performer can reach, or let down within a foot of the floor; or at any altitude they can be drawn apart to any distance. The usefulness of the apparatus depends upon the facility with which these changes can be made. The rings must be raised, let down, drawn apart, the stirrup straps changed or removed altogether from the rings, each and all with a single motion of the hand and in a moment. All these movements are clearly described in the book, by aid of illustrations.

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The author of these poems was born in Liverpool in 1819, and died at Florence in November 1861. He was educated at Rugby, to which school he went very young, soon after Dr. Arnold had been elected Head-master, where he distinguished him-

self. From Rugby he went to Oxford. Mr. Clough came to the United States in 1852, and established himself at Cambridge, where he proposed giving instruction to young men preparing for college. During his residence there, he drew around him a congenial circle of cultivated and thoughtful minds. But, old friends in England, desiring to win him back, procured for him a place in the Educational Department of the Privy Council, and in the next year he returned across the Atlantic. His work in the Council-Office proved too exhausting, and early in 1861 he gave it up, and sought by travel to regain his lost health. But it was too late.

His poems, collected in this volume, show high culture, taste and thought. They are not—the minor poems at least—of the kind to stir the popular heart; but will hold the attention of those who think deeply, and dwell in the world of ideas. The three longer poems, that make up more than two-thirds of the volume, we have not yet read. Of the minor poems, some are playful and sparkling, yet with a grave undertone. We give a single specimen.

"That out of sight is out of mind
Is true of most we leave behind;
It is not, sure, nor can be true,
My own, and only love of you.

"They were my friends, 'twas sad to part;
Almost a tear began to start;
But yet, as things run on, they find
That out of sight is out of mind.

"For men that will not idlers be
Must lead their hearts to things they see;
And friends who leave them far behind,
When out of sight are out of mind.

"I blame it not. I think that when
The cold and silent meet again,
Kind hearts will yet as erst be kind;
'Twas 'out of sight,' was 'out of mind.'

"I knew it when we parted well,
I knew it, but was loath to tell;
I felt before what now I find,
That 'out of sight' is 'out of mind.'

"That friends, however friends they were,
Still deal with things as things occur,
And that, excepting for the blind,
What's out of sight is out of mind.

"But love, the poets say, is blind:
So out of sight and out of mind
Need not, nor will, I think, be true,
My own and only love of you."

THE BOOK OF DAYS. Parts V. and VI. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

This miscellany of popular antiquities, in connection with the callendar, grows more interesting as the numbers increase. Part VI. comes down to March 17th, the birthday of St. Patrick, whose legendary history is given. The author of this history gives the following curious facts:—"One of the strangest recollections of a strange childhood is the writer having been taken, by a servant, to see

silver case, containing, as was said, the jaw bone of St. Patrick. The writer was very young at the time, but remembers seeing one much younger, a baby, on the same occasion, and has an indistinct idea that the jaw bone was considered to have had a very salutary effect on the baby's safe introduction into the world. The jaw bone, and the silver shrine enclosing it, has been for many years in the possession of a family in humble life near Belfast. In the memory of persons living, it contained five teeth, but now retains only one—three having been given to members of the family emigrating to America; and the fourth was deposited under the altar of the Roman Catholic Chapel of Derriaghy, when rebuilt some years ago. The curiously embossed case has a very antique appearance, and is said to be of immense age; but it is, though certainly old, not so very old as reported, for it carries the 'Hall-mark' plainly impressed upon it. This remarkable relic has long been used for a kind of extra-judicial trial, similar to the Saxon *Corsnet*, a test of guilt or innocence, of very great antiquity; accused or suspected persons freeing themselves from the suspicion of crime, by placing the right hand on the reliquary, and declaring their innocence in a certain form of words, supposed to be an avowal of the greatest solemnity, and liable to instantaneous, supernatural, and frightful punishment, if falsely spoken."

LANDERS' ENCYCLOPEDIA. Parts 50 and 51. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The fifty-first number of this valuable publication, of which we have heretofore spoken in terms of high praise, comes down to the letter G. It contains a carefully written article of some fourteen pages on "Galvanism," and another on Illuminating "Gas;" besides a brief account of the "Gallian Church," and other instructive matters. The fourth volume is nearly completed. The publishers are issuing the work rapidly, at the low price of fifteen cents a number. It should be in every family library.

OLIVER BLAKE'S GOOD WORK. A Novel. By John Cordy Johnson. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

SISTER ROSE; or, The Ominous Marriage. By Wilkie Collins. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

ADEN POWER; or, The Cost of a Scheme. A Novel. By Farleigh Owen. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham.

THE WOMAN I LOVED, AND THE WOMAN WHO LOVED ME. By the authoress of Agnes Tremorne.

SISTER ANNA'S PROBATION. By Harriet Martineau. Boston: A. Williams & Co. Philadelphia: John McFarland.

All of the above stories, published in cheap form, are interesting. A friend, at our side, speaks warmly in praise of "Oliver Blake's Good Work." Wilkie Collins never fails to hold his reader's attention. The name of Miss Martineau will ensure a reading for "Sister Anna's probation."

EDWIN BROTHERTOF. By Theodore Winthrop. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Philadelphia: W. S. & A. Martin.

We have another volume from the manuscripts left by the lamented Winthrop. Its publication again reminds us of how rare a genius was lost to the world of literature in his death. Of the previous volumes, "Cecil Dreeme," and "John Brent," large editions have already been sold, and for Edwin Brothertoft there will doubtless be as liberal a demand. It has all the freshness, the dash, the freedom and interest of its predecessors. In reading it, one cannot help the intrusion of a regret, that the author's life had not been spared for maturer work and higher aims.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN; or, the Wrath of Herr Vonstoppele. By John G. Saxe. With Sixteen Comic Illustrations. New York: Carleton. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brother.

If there is anything witty, allegorical, useful or instructive in this book, we honestly confess our inability to see it. There are a hundred themes on which the writer, with his fine ability, might have written to good purpose for society and his country. His present effort, at a time like this, is so much like trifling, that we cannot hold back an impulse to condemn.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

"LIVING FOR SOMETHING."

Of all miserable people in the world, saving those who are haunted by some memory of guilt, or some slow eating remorse, we believe they are the most wretched, who have no aim, nor work, nor purpose in life.

Men generally have this: a worldly, a selfish, or a sordid one; perhaps in the majority of cases, but by it a law of their natures is fulfilled; while there is frequently no outward or apparent necessity for active exertion either physical or mental on the part of women. And it is an easy and a pleasant thing to fall into this idle, luxurious, lounging life, for all work is an effort until it becomes a habit; but like most pleasant and easy things in this

world it ends sooner or later in disappointment, misery, and bitterness of spirit.

Now, dear reader, no human being has a right to live a barren, unproductive life—a life whose aim and purpose all centres in *self*. We are in the world, and therefore we owe it something. It ought to be a little better, a little wiser, a little happier because we dwell in it. *Is it?*

There are many women lounging and frittering away their lives, to whom the shelter of luxurious homes, the possession of fortunes, which render all exertion of their faculties unnecessary, is an absolute misfortune; frequently a blight, and a curse on soul and body. Just think of it! How many

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

AMERICA BEFORE EUROPE. PRINCIPLES AND INTERESTS. By Count Agénor de Gasparin. Translated from advance sheets by Mary L. Booth. New York: Chas. Scribner. Philad'a: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

We regard this as one of the most important issues of the press that has appeared since the commencement of the war. "The uprising of a great people" was a prophecy of success for just principles, which events have made history. The second volume of the clear-seeing Frenchman is devoted mainly to the work of showing to Europe her false position towards America, and the perils that attend this false position. It is divided into six parts. The first reviews the attitude of Europe, and shows what it ought to have been—rebuking, in strong language, its failure to take a position in favor of honor and right, instead of being drawn aside by policy and interest. We make an extract from this part of the book:—

"We had thought ourselves justified in saying, without exaggerating its chivalrous sentiments, that the cause of the South would excite in it a hearty indignation; that this rebellion in favor of slavery would meet naught but anathemas among us; that the nineteenth century would not suffer this single occasion to be lost of seconding otherwise than by words the most glorious work of modern times. We were mistaken; the narrow policy too often prevails over the broad. Instead of entering frankly into the path of large sympathies, instead of encouraging, instead of believing in good, which is one of the surest means of doing it, Europe has chosen rather to be suspicious, to find fault, to recall old grievances, to gather up new complaints, to treat, in fine, as an enemy or suspected power, this youthful government, sprung from a generous reaction against injustice, and charged with pursuing its redressal. It was first necessary to love it, in order to counsel it, and to aid it to become better. Supported by us, it would have proceeded without hindrance to its end; not to immediate abolition, as has been pretended, but to certain abolition, through the growing preponderance of the North, through the abrogation of odious laws, through the inevitable and progressive suppression of slavery, confined within a continually narrowing circle. On the day that it was decided that it should no longer increase, slavery would have begun to die, yet it would not have died a death of violence—gently, tranquilly, by pacific and Christian means, the redoubtable problem would have been resolved, for the common safety of the North and the South, the whites and the blacks.

"We did not desire this. To desire it would have been to quit the beaten track and depart from the precepts of false policy. A most impolitic policy in any case; for, to speak only of our material interests, it has endowed us with the civil war which is

desolating America, ruining the cotton production, and calling forth sufferings in our Old World which will go on increasing. If the South had begun in advance that it could not count on us, it is not probable that it would have attempted an insurrection. At all events, this would not have been of long duration. It deludes itself less than people imagine; it knows the strength of the national government, and is not ignorant that resources will ere long be lacking to the insurrectional government at Richmond. Even its victories have never given it the audacity to take a single step in advance; its plan is to secure time for Europe to intervene. Europe needs its cotton, Europe is at its mercy, Europe is about to aid and recognize it, Europe will seize on the first pretext that offers; she will break the blockade and impose peace. Take away these convictions from the South, and you will cause the weapons to fall from their hands. Suppose Europe, for a moment, not to exist, and America to be a duelling ground in which no one can interfere, and you can no longer imagine possible a continuance of the struggle.

"Four months will suffice for the reduction of the South, from the day that it shall have ceased to count on Europe. It is said that Mr. Seward has more than once expressed this conviction. I believe it to be well founded, as well founded as that noble complaint in the last message of Mr. Lincoln: 'Every nation distracted by civil war must expect to be treated without consideration by foreign powers.'

"What is it, then, that has gone wrong among us? Simply that we have been lacking in youth at heart. Instead of asking on which side were justice and liberty, we hastened to ask on which side were our interests, then too on which side were the best chances of success. It seemed to us that this rebellion without a pretext was not without a future. From this we had not to go far to find in it some appearance of right. And thus it is that, after having protested for the acquittal of our conscience against the 'crime of slavery,' after having declared (the thing is granted) that slavery is detested by those who, moreover, never fail to serve it, we have refused to the generous impulse of the North that spontaneous, cordial, and, as it were, naïve support which would have decided all questions on the spot."

In the second part, he reviews the mean and miserable policy of England, and in doing so makes for her this ingenious and just apology. Let us, as Americans, give to it a fair consideration.

"There are two nations in England. Whoever does not begin by admitting this, must renounce all hope of understanding the history of this strange country. There are two nations, I say it to the glory of England. How many peoples are there,

among whom energetic reactions towards good are unknown! How many countries are there, whose rivers flow smoothly down an even slope, where no block of granite ever falls to turn aside the current! Blocks of granite have fallen into the current of England.

"Of course, doubtless, the river turns aside, then descends tranquilly to the sea, while nothing announces that an obstacle has disturbed the flow of the esters. These are the epochs of inertia, languor, and forgetfulness of principles; a policy then prevails, not more selfish, perhaps, than the policy of other governments, but less attached to forms, and more offensive, by reason of unceremoniousness and bad taste. But suddenly a reaction is wrought; a great moral truth comes to light, agitation becomes diffused, a superior force arises in opposition to the power of habits and interests. Humanity then wins one of its victories. To-day, it is the abolishment of the slave trade; to-morrow, it will be the abolition of slavery; the day after, Catholic emancipation; then, the reform of Parliament; then, the protective system. There will be extended investigations, there will be persevering efforts to obtain religious liberty everywhere, there will be powerful sympathies in favor of the independence of peoples. When Christian and liberal England rises, when its journals and meetings begin to protest against a great social iniquity, we feel that this will not be a passing and feeble desire, a well-meaning caprice, such as we have witnessed too often, but a fixed design which will be pursued to the end with that manly energy which delays discouragement no more than reverses.

"Before the reactions of which I speak, the common traditions of the British administration always yield in the end. We know in what manner the crimes of the Indian government were openly denounced in Parliament. We know what voices were raised, even during the American war to obtain the independence of the United States. If, some day, the opium trade should succumb, upon which I count, it will fall, be sure, beneath the blows of a moral reaction aroused in England.

"This is how it happens that English history contains so many contrasts, so much good, and so much evil. He who sees nothing but the evil, is in the wrong; he who sees nothing but the good, is likewise in the wrong. There are two nations, I repeat. When unprincipled England grieves us, let us turn with confidence towards liberal and Christian England! Thank God! the latter is constantly gaining ground. For fifty years, it has not ceased, as it were, to give battle. For a moment in torpor, it was not long in awaking. It is at hand, it is advancing; a little late, doubtless, but nevertheless in time; it is about to reform with its generous hand the policy pursued with respect to the United States."

The third part of Count Gasparin's book is de-

voted to the correction of certain errors that are widely credited in Europe—errors mainly promulgated there by Southern emissaries. In this he does his work thoroughly, in the presentation of facts and the evidence found in documents. Five errors are met and corrected; they are these:—I. "Slavery is not really in question." II. "We are, before all, to avoid Civil War." III. "The South had a right to secede." IV. "The South, though conquered, will not be brought back to the Union." V. "The South will not be conquered."

The confidence felt in the result of our struggle is thus expressed by the author in closing his volume:—

"Yes, you will be the stronger, generous defenders of justice; you will be the stronger, if you ally yourselves to justice and to God. Hope! God himself has implanted the need of encouragement in the inmost depths of our soul. Hope! Cling to hope, preserve a serene and impregnable faith in the triumphs of eternal right.

"Danton said: 'Audacity, audacity, and again audacity!' I say willingly: 'Hope, hope, and again hope!' This crisis, despite the suffering that it includes, will be the honor and consolation of our times. Never, perhaps, were matter and spirit so directly at strife; the question is a moral one; it is for America to know whether the Puritan element will win—for the whole world to know whether liberty and justice will finally prevail.

"The whole world, I have just said, is engaged in the contest. The uprising of this people upraises us also; this spectacle of sufferings nobly accepted, does us good. We feel that one of those storms which purify the atmosphere is passing at this moment over our globe.

"Those over whom it passes have to suffer; but after the tempest comes fine weather, and like that fleet which, after having been dispersed by the storm, found itself again entire in the smooth waters of Port Royal, America will seem, perhaps, almost to sink beneath the violence of the winds, until it attain the end. This end is peace.

"Having once succeeded in suppressing the fearful evil which is devouring them, the United States will not feel that their present sacrifices are disproportioned to the progress accomplished. Acquired at this price, the abolition of slavery will not have been bought too dear.

"The question in the end is a second creation of the United States. This is carried on by the American method, that of Washington, that of the war of 1812, that which begins in weakness and ends in grandeur.

"No, the sixteenth President of the United States will not be the last; no, the eighty-fifth year of this people will not be the last; their flag will come out of battle pierced with bullets and blackened with powder, but more glorious than ever, without having let fall, as I hope, in the mêlée a single one of its thirty-four stars."

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of our sex dandle away the time for which God shall hold them responsible, betwixt a little embroidery, a little light reading, a little drumming on the piano, and a great deal of dressing! It is terrible to think of these lives, wasted, frittered away—these lives with their awful responsibilities, their infinite opportunities of doing good—these lives which, when the Master calls for, shall be only “the pound laid up in a napkin.”

And then, sooner or later, this violated law of our being brings with it its own inevitable penalty. Do you know of any more unhappy person than those who have nothing to do, nothing to live for, whose chief purpose it is to find some method of making time pass away smoothly and pleasantly? Alas, for such women! how utterly they fail of their aim—how ennuï, and weariness and disgust eat slowly into their hearts and minds—how petty they become—how selfishness, morbidness and bitterness, and all unlovable qualities, takes possession of them.

Happy is that woman who hasn't time to brood over her troubles, to foster her own wants and desires—not time to let her thoughts go seeking after her happiness, and contentment, and peace, which never comes while we seek it in ourselves.

If you would get comfortably through this world—if you would have any peace or pleasure in living, you must dwell in a sphere of brisk, cheerful, bracing activity—you must get out of yourself, must live for, and do for others! The more your sympathies are stirred and developed, the deeper and broader flowing they will be. Find something to work for, to love and to bless, and you shall be blessed in return. There are crushed, aching hearts all over the world that need your help and sympathy—there are poor little fatherless and motherless children all over the world that call for your love and care. Oh, be not deaf to their young voices; be not blind to their small pitiful faces. There is nobody in the world so weak or so helpless, that they cannot do some good of word or deed. Set about it. Set about it.

Work! why it is the blessed inspirer and sweetener of life—the one best tonic for all the insufficiency, and loss, and disappointment of this world. These golden hours which build themselves into days, these days which are the broad, pearly beams of the weeks, these weeks which lay deep and strong the shining foundations of the months, these months which are hewn into golden summers and glowing autumns, into stormy winters and shrieking springs, make your opportunities for work or waste.

Oh, reader, have some good, strong purpose in life—not one, but many; purposes which shall summon into bracing activity all your faculties, all your sympathies, all the best, highest range of your emotions, your affections, your sympathies, and “Verily,” saith the sweet voice of the Master, calling down softly over the shore of the centuries, “Verily I say unto you, you shall not lose your reward.”

V. F. T.

There be many hearts a-hungry, many souls athirst for human love in this world; many who sigh for appreciation and sympathy as they walk in loneliness of heart and soul the long road, or pause awhile at the inns of life. And yet they forget that everlasting love that is about them by day and by night; forget that blessed truth that they are beloved of God! Oh soul, hungry and thirsty, is not this a blessed thought to feed and refresh you; that however forgotten and neglected you may be of others, there flows about you the great unfathomable ocean of God's love; a love strong, tender, unchangeable—a love which never forgos nor forsakes—a love which always watches tenderly over you, whose great aim is your highest good and happiness, and which no words have lines and plummets to fathom.

God's Love! Whoever and whatever you are, reader, you may have this. God's love! they are words to go sweetly to sleep with, like a great treasure wrapped up in the heart—they are words to awake joyfully on and to count over, and to carry through the long day with its trials, its burdens, its sorrows—and to carry, too, trusting and exultant through the heat and burden of that other long day we call *life*; and oh, they are blessed words to whisper softly when the last night gathers, and the sleep falls coldly upon us; blessed last words to go out with, peaceful, trustful, victorious!

God's love! Having this are we not rich over all mischief, or loss, or change of time—having this, what real harm can befall us—having this, shall we not put off the sackcloth and ashes, and putting on the garments of praise and joy go on our way of good cheer?

V. F. T.

OCTOBER.

With dyed garments of crimson and sandals of gold the prophet walks once more upon the hills, and proclaims the feast of the year to the inhabitants of the earth. The orchards are mighty tables bending under the weight of the great banquet which October has piled upon them. The air is delicious nectar, which we can quaff without measure or price.

Then there is the wonderful architecture and painting of the sunsets; the white embroideries of the mists, seamed with gold, upon the hills; the stately splendors of the trees, as the frost flushes them into their last glory; and the tender, serene, solemn light, that has a parting in its smile, not exactly sad, but yearning and tender as the last smile of one who goes home to heaven.

“October!” It is the farewell of the year—in “Finis” of beauty. Beyond it lie decay and death, but the face of October is not one that mourns, it is a face which says, serene and victorious, “I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do!”

Oh reader, if our lines fall into autumn, may their last days be calm, serene, rejoicing, like October's!

V. F. T.

NOVEMBER,

1862.



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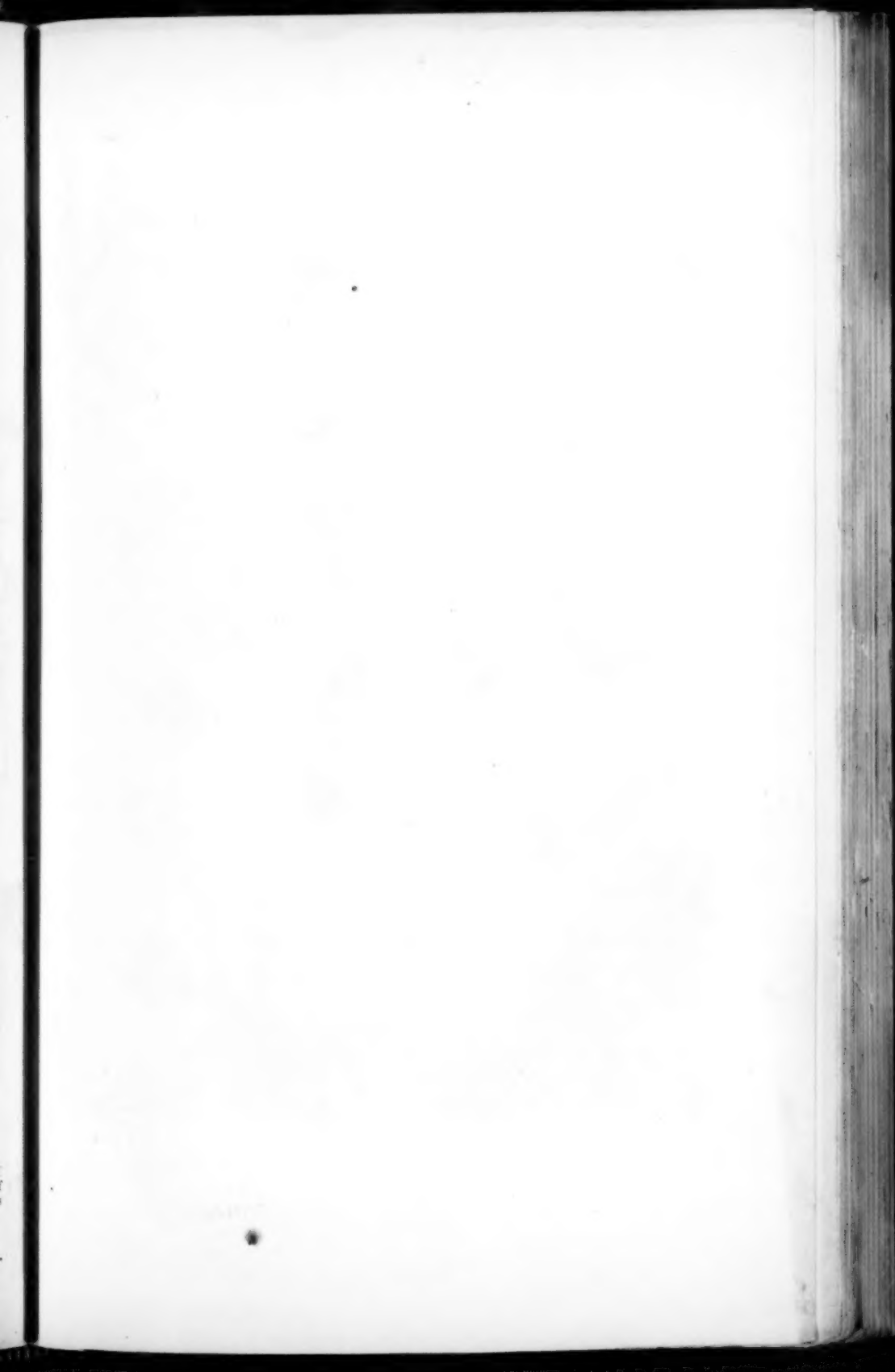
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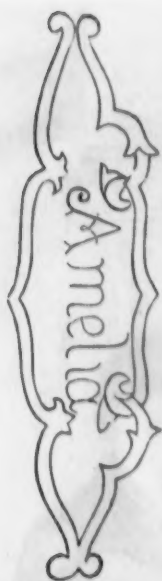
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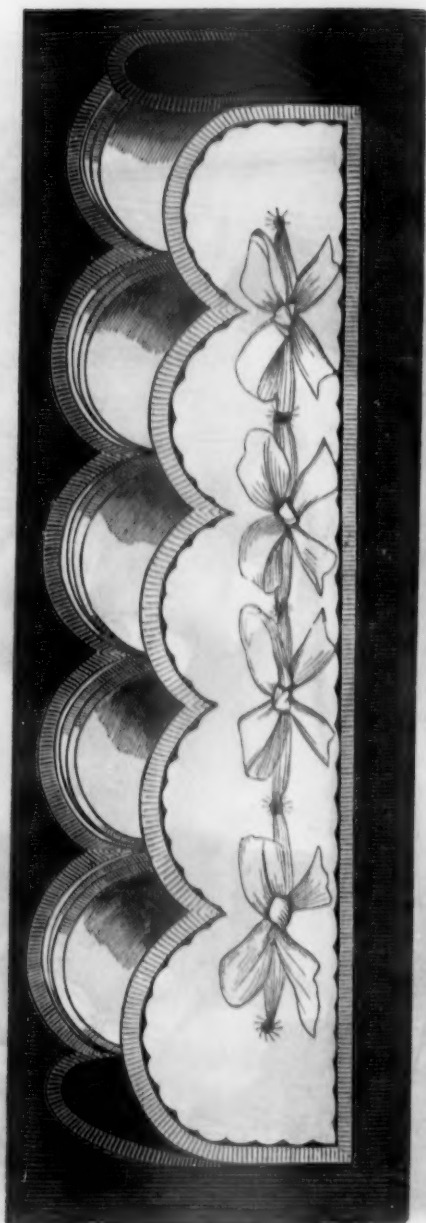
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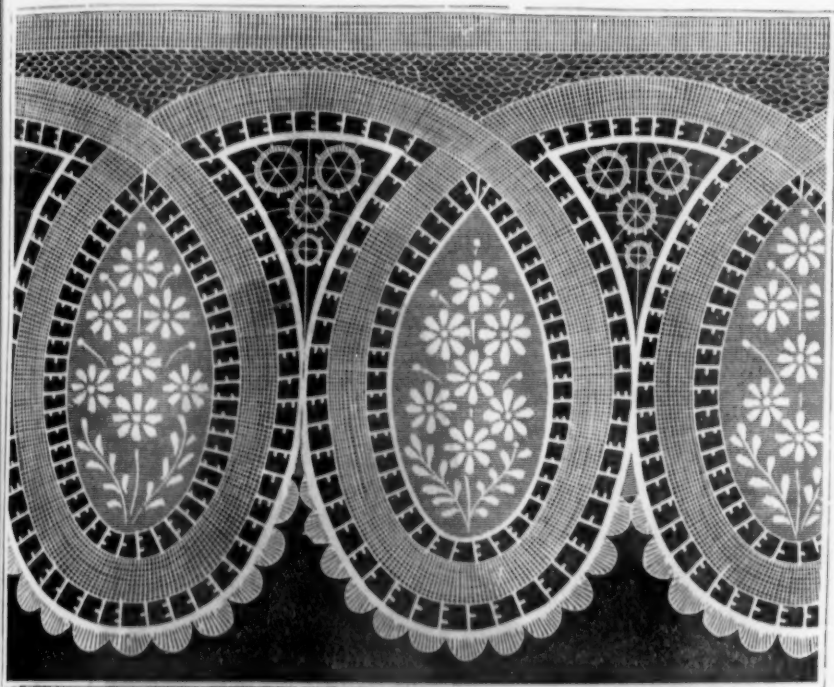
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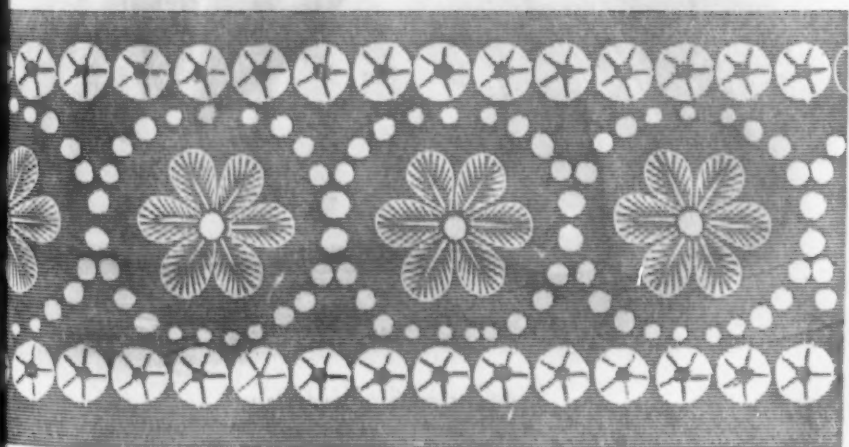
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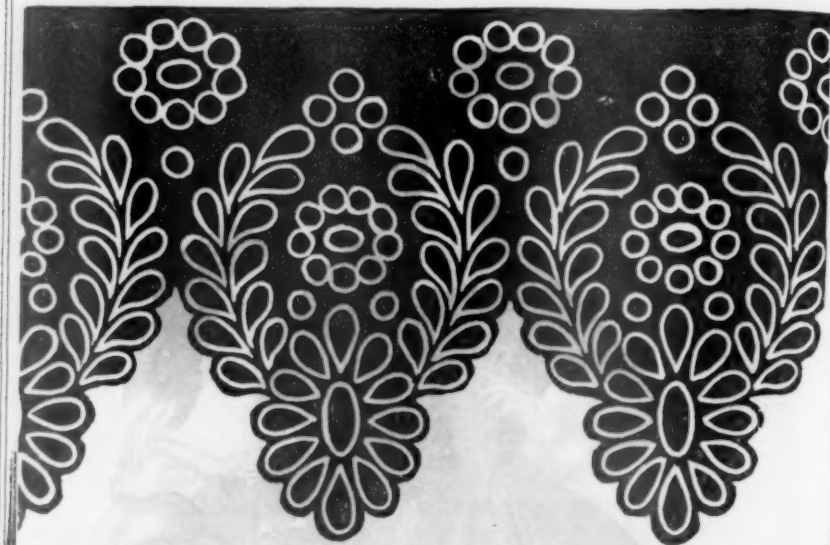
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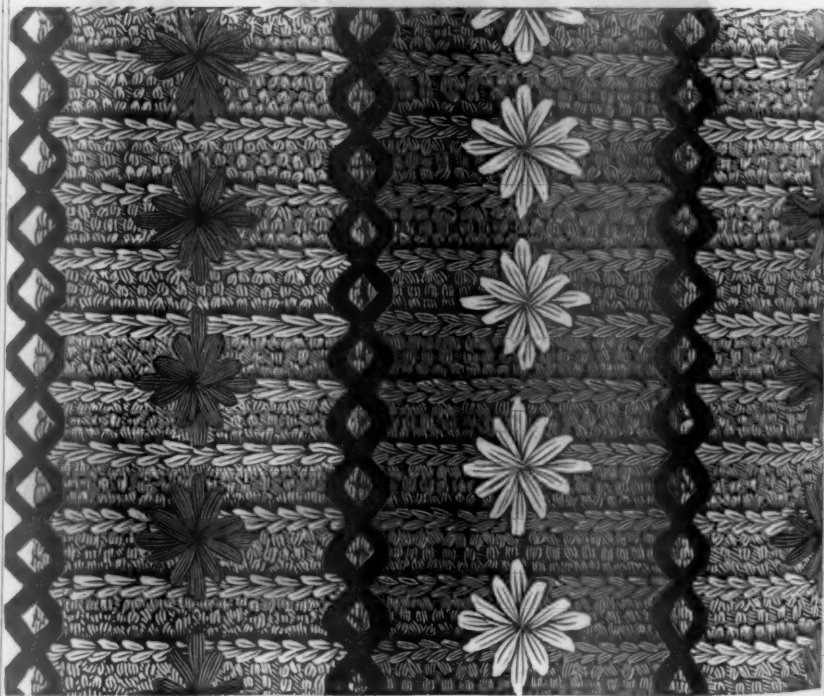
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